

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3047.—VOL. CXI.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: THE ROYAL BOAT SHOOTING THE RAPIDS AT THE OLD WEIR BRIDGE ON THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forestier.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A French lady of fashion has invented a new form of entertainment which she terms "dawn parties." Her friends are invited to meet at sunrise to "dance on the dew." It is to be hoped for their health's sake that they will do it in goloshes. This will be very convenient, as they will only have to slip them over their dancing-shoes. Nothing will persuade me that they will get up at the hour contemplated for these festivities, though they may have no objection, in order to do so, to prolonging a ball. Their position will be that of the undergraduate who, when rebuked by the Dean of his College for not coming to morning chapel, replied, "But seven o'clock is such an inconvenient hour, Sir! If it was four, or even five, one could sit up for it." Very few people of fashion ever see the sun rise except under these circumstances, and I don't believe they will change their habits for "dawn parties." If dew is the object, you can get it equally fresh in the evening at a "sunset party." When young and romantic, I agreed with a friend to ascend Helvellyn from Thirlmere to see the sun rise. When called by the guide in the middle of the night, I heard him complaining, like the sluggard, of having to rise, and the guide expatiating upon the beauties of the dawn. "Don't you think," said my poor friend persuasively, "that the sunset would be almost as beautiful?" However, we got him up, and I remember how cross and quarrelsome he was throughout the day. Those who travel in Switzerland and get up at abnormal hours must have observed the same ill effects in their companions.

Mr. Balfour, as usual, made a good literary address at Dumfries the other day; one of his remarks was especially noteworthy. "I hold," he said, "that only those who can admire fully and freely are competent critics of great genius." The *nil admirari* frame of mind has hitherto been always associated with criticism, so that it has almost become a synonym for fault-finding.

Not to admire is all the art I know
To make men happy and to keep them so,
says the poet Creech, but this does not make the poor authors happy. The fact is, it is very easy to find fault, and by no means so easy to detect beauties, while it requires courage as well as intelligence to recognise merit in a writer who has his reputation yet to win. Appreciation and sympathy are only found in the higher natures, which are necessarily rare. If this were well understood, criticism would be taken (by geniuses) at its true value.

Sancho Panza invoked blessings on the man who invented sleep. Alexander von Humboldt, it appears from an article in *Cosmopolis*, must have thought very little of him. "Now I am old," he said, "I want more sleep—four hours at least. When I was young two hours were quite enough for me." As to the common (and very popular) belief that man requires seven or eight hours, he jeered at it. "When I was young I simply lay down on the sofa, turned down my lamp, and after two hours' sleep was as fresh as ever." It is evident that von Humboldt was mistaken in his vocation. He ought to have been a sick-nurse, or a night-porter in an hotel, or the editor of a daily newspaper. Then he could have done his work and have had all the day to follow some other profession. Professor Max Müller ventured to doubt the Baron's general recipe; and though a much humbler individual, I venture to doubt his particular statement. Nobody else, it must be remembered, was awake to see that the Baron was awake. He was a great traveller, and we all know that "travellers' tales" are not to be taken very literally. It is also well known that the most trustworthy persons are in the habit, when awakened from a nap, to swear that they have not been asleep at all. The monstrous boasts of short sleepers have always been particularly offensive to me, for I have never been able to do comfortably without ten hours' sleep, and, thank Heaven, have generally got them. When I did not, I always said, "I have been awake half the night," and half believed it.

It is now, I suppose, near two generations ago since "The Greatest Plague of Life" was issued, but the servant question is as much to the fore as ever. If, however, like the poor, it is always with us, servants are not so; they are often, alas! with us but for a very little time. Of course there is much to be said on both sides as regards them and their employers, but it is certain that servants tire even of good places much sooner than they used to do. "We have nothing to complain of, Ma'am, but we have been with you two years, and it seems time for a change." Some of them are tired even sooner. I know a modest household where the cook and housemaid (great friends, who refused to be hired unless together) left their places within twelve hours, at midnight. They were obliging enough to strike the gong to announce their departure, and when their mistress (in her night-dress) appeared on the landing, bade her an unaffected farewell. "We like neither you nor the place; the kob's a-waiting and we're off." Their characters, however, were found to be not so genuine as their sentiments. A correspondent

of the *Daily News*, writing from the servant's point of view, suggests that the mistress should be required to give her character, and, since some leaning towards perfection might be naturally expected, that her tradesmen should furnish it. This opens a vista indeed. A better guarantor would be the neighbouring postmaster: he is under no obligation and hears all the gossip. Moreover, there seems to be some dissatisfaction regarding the payment of officials of this department, and a little commission on the recommendation of a "good place" might be acceptable.

It is complained of the sensation novelists that their chief character often gets lost too long, and reappears, generally to the great inconvenience of other people, after too great an interval. This is contrary, it is argued, to all reasonable expectation. The last news from New Zealand, however, will help to re-establish their position. The barque *Saladan* left Newcastle for Honolulu over a year ago, and has never since been heard of. It was, of course, supposed to have gone to "Davy's locker." Families had given up hope of ever seeing husband and father in this world. The wives, indeed, might have married again after "a year and a day," just as they do in the story-books. And now, at Auckland, the whole crew, with three exceptions, have turned up in excellent condition. Their ship, it seems, was wrecked on an island, more remunerative than romantic—a guano one—and without inhabitants. It belonged, we are told, to "the Maniluki group," which, however, will localise it only for a few people. They escaped from this unpleasant neighbourhood in their boats to Sophia Island, where, after living with friendly natives for ten months, they were picked up by a steamer. Thus opportunities do really offer themselves for Enoch Ardens, if so disposed, to make themselves unpleasant and "shake the pillars of domestic peace."

The pomp and circumstance of funerals have long been a subject for the moralist. They are in strange contrast with the faith of the majority of those whom they accompany to the tomb. They not only make death hideous, but associate it with a gloom which we are expressly taught is contrary to its character, and that gloom is of the most tawdry and artificial character. It seems as if all the falsehood and pretence of men's lives found their consummation in their very last appearance upon the earth's surface: coal-black horses, nodding plumes, scarves and handbands, hired mutes (in Edinburgh these used to have black batons shaped like telescopes, as though with the intention—most deceptive of all—of seeing where the deceased had gone to). I can remember a London funeral with a black man (hired) on the hearse-box, to inform the spectators that the deceased had had property in the West Indies. He was supposed to have resided on "the estate." Hatred as is this system among the rich, it is still more to be deprecated among the poor: they seem to think that since the having no burial is objected to in the Scriptures, the having a cheap one must be next door to it, and spend on the interment of their bread-winner what would have kept the wolf from their door for months. Still, there is a medium in everything, and the plan, which we are told is becoming popular in the United States, of burial by bus seems to err in the other direction. It is comparatively cheap, no doubt, and exhibits the great advantages of combination; but to sensitive persons it will appear in some degree to sacrifice sentiment to utility. The Burial Bus carries four-and-twenty passengers exclusive of the deceased, who, in a coffin with a glass case, travels on the top, and is run up and down by machinery. Eight places are reserved in his neighbourhood for "the family" in front of the vehicle—the coupé. Sixteen places—a handsome allowance—are allotted to sorrowing friends inside. There are no mourning-coaches, no "inconsolable carriages," or "four-wheeled affliction" of any kind, and no "bereaved worms six feet high holding on behind in a bunch of woe." The vehicle itself is impelled by electricity, so there are no champing steeds. In the country our poorer brethren have long been accustomed to accompany their departed relatives in a composite carriage—half hearse, half fly—though not of these dimensions, but such vehicles are used, of course, only for this purpose. There is something in an omnibus very alien to funeral ceremonies. It is essentially a vehicle for the living, made use of every day to carry them to their places of business—the top of it in particular being patronised by only the comparatively young. For this reason—though it is merely a sentimental one, sentiment is in this matter an important factor—I doubt whether the burial by bus will ever become popular in England. The fact of its introduction among a practical and intelligent people, but by no means averse to display, is, however, as a protest against the tyranny of custom, a matter of congratulation, and may possibly suggest an improvement in our own funeral arrangements.

"Dreams and Ghosts" is a promising title for a book, and when the author is Mr. Andrew Lang we have naturally still greater hopes of it. It is a volume, indeed, with which nobody, whether a believer in the supernatural or a sceptic, can be disappointed, for the whole question is treated dispassionately and is left to be settled by

the reader, who pays his money (or obtains the work by that other "circulating medium," the library) and takes his choice. There should have been a frontispiece depicting the author holding the scales of Belief with even hand, and not so much as the least depression of his left eyelid. There is pathos in some of the ghostly stories, but in others humour; and it may be fancy (suggested perhaps by so much ghost-seeing), but in the latter case we seem to recognise a more sympathetic treatment. Still, he is extremely respectful to the Society for Psychical Research, which indeed he was bound to be, since he borrows occasionally from their annals, and in his preface confesses, for his own part, his "mind is in a balance of doubt." The old ghost stories, he admits, are more dramatic than the new ones; they are also more spiritual, though, strange to say, St. Augustine seems to have reproved this tendency: "If the dead could come in dreams," he says, "my poor mother would no night fail to visit me. Far be the thought that she should by a happier life have been made so cruel that when aught vexes my heart she should not even console in a dream the son whom she loved with an only love." The general impression, however, in old days (or, rather, nights) was that a ghost was a ghost, and meant business; he did not come merely to overturn the furniture, but to revenge his wrongs or (though it must be confessed more rarely) to pay his debts. In very few instances only did he come for what we all want him for, to assure us of a Hereafter.

By far the most famous example of this revelation is "The Tyrone (or Beresford) Ghost." This is told by Mr. Lang at some length and with great particularity. We all know about Lord Tyrone's compact with Lady Beresford, and how, when he had deceased, he came to her bedside, and at her own request gave her unmistakable evidence of his appearance by touching her wrist, whereupon its sinews shrunk up and its nerves withered. From that moment she wore a black ribbon on it, which was never removed. Her picture was taken subsequently thus representing her. When she lay dead, at the date predicted by Tyrone's spirit, Lady Riverston unbound the ribbon and found the wrist in the condition described. Now comes a curious circumstance, which has not been before made public. Her portrait used to hang in Tyrone House, in Dublin, with other family pictures—

When Henry Marquis of Waterford sold the old town residence of the family and its grounds to the Government as the site of the Education Board, he directed Mr. Watkins, a dealer in pictures, and a man of considerable knowledge in works of art and vertu, to collect the pictures, etc., which were best adapted for removal to Curraghmore. Mr. Watkins especially picked out this portrait, not only as a good work of art but as one which, from its associations, deserved particular care and notice. When, however, the lot arrived at Curraghmore and was unpacked, no such picture was found, and though Mr. Watkins took great pains and exerted himself to the utmost to trace what had become of it, to this day (nearly forty years) not a hint of its existence has been received or heard of.

This seems remarkable indeed, and might almost suggest that it seemed good to Someone that there should be a complete solution of continuity as regards this visit from the other world.

What strikes one as discouraging respecting these *revenants* is that they are never cheerful. There are, indeed, records of vulgar ghosts—almost all modern ones—who indulge in horse-play and practical jokes like the Wesleys' "Jeffrey"; but such visitants as a plain man can reasonably believe to have anything spiritual about them are unquestionably melancholy; they may be happy, but they never look so. Everything connected not only with the apparently supernatural, but with the eerie, is dealt with, and in a very masterly manner, in this volume; among other things that sensation which has struck some of us (though I think not many) of finding ourselves in a room we have somewhere seen before but never visited, or in circumstances which have already occurred, and when we feel certain of what will happen, or what people will say next; but nothing often does happen; and as to what people are likely to say, that is generally only too easy to predict. Some of the dreams quoted by our author are very curious, and none the less so that they are often aimless. The ghost stories are, to an old-fashioned taste, somewhat too open to explanation, but there are one or two of the fine crusted kind. I dimly remember Walter Scott's way of accounting for such things. He had been telling, with every sign of belief, some supernatural story received from his grandmother, upon which his hearer observed, "But how, then, do you possibly account for it?" "Ailbuns," replied Sir Walter, "my grandmother was a liar." This remark is appropriate to ninety-nine relations of a ghost story out of a hundred. One statement of Mr. Lang's is especially interesting to me. A "distinguished authoress" of his acquaintance once saw "the principal character of one of her novels glide through the door straight up to her. It was about the size of a large doll." I should have preferred it to have been full size. But this is the first time I have heard of a novelist—and I have put the question to many—who has ever dreamt of one of her characters, still less beheld its image.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

From Adare Manor, where we left the Duke and Duchess of York last week, the royal visitors proceeded on Sept. 1 to Baron's Court, Newtown Stewart, the seat of the Duke of Abercorn. The royal party adopted the Shannon route, which included a river voyage of several hours on one of the boats belonging to a recently inaugurated navigation company. From Adare the Duke and Duchess proceeded by way of Limerick and Killaloe, where complimentary addresses were exchanged, to the jetty station. There they alighted and embarked on the little steamer *Countess of Mayo*, around which lay a flotilla of craft from which enthusiastic crowds cheered the royal visitors. At Williamstown and Portumna the inhabitants picturesquely showered flowers upon the royal boat and cheered the heartiest possible welcome. At Banagher the land journey was resumed, and by way of Mullingar, Newtown Stewart was reached before eight o'clock. The Duke and Duchess rested on the two days immediately following their arrival at Baron's Court. The first evening a torch-light procession was held by the retainers of the house of

The Royal Mail Steam-Ship Company's vessel *Southampton*, moored in the Thames opposite Messrs. Yarrow's establishment at Poplar, has been prepared to afford lodging and boarding accommodation to the workpeople who accept this offer of employment, and who can thereby, if they choose, keep themselves secure from any interference or annoyance in their daily life attempted by pickets of the adverse party.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

Considerable military preparations are being made for the total suppression of Afridi and Orakzai and other mountaineer foes of the British Indian Government in the highlands west of the Punjab; but a general advance will probably be deferred until the arrival, expected on Sept. 18, of General Sir William Lockhart, who has been recalled from his leave of absence in Europe. Further conflicts with different large hostile bands on the Samana range, and at the entrance to the Kuram Valley, took place in the first days of September, when several of the detached posts were threatened with attack, their garrisons being composed of local militia raised from the Turi tribes, who repelled the assailants at Balash Khel, near Sadda, on the 1st inst. Along the whole border from Kohat to Thal, a

THE WRECKED LIGHT-SHIP "PUFFIN."

The light-ship *Puffin*, which went down in a storm last October, has now been beached at Rushbrooke, Queens-town Harbour, and presents a curious spectacle of picturesque wreckage. Her fate is a mystery, but experts incline to the belief that her steel mast in falling tore out the deck-house, and so let in the water, which swept over the bulwarks. Of her crew of eight men not the slightest trace has been found, and the hull is almost entirely gutted, all fittings having vanished, with the exception of one chest and one hammock. The *Puffin* was the largest of the Irish light-ships, and used to warn Atlantic liners off Daunt's Rock, a dangerous reef at the mouth of Queenstown Harbour. At the time of the disaster £1700 had just been expended on refitting the vessel. As she lies a dreary wreck at Rushbrooke, the *Puffin* presents many problems. Her anchor, for instance, which lies partly on the deck, has the inward fluke torn away, while that which hangs overboard is still intact. That she sank upright would seem to be proved by the fact that her big gun, which was fired every three minutes in foggy weather, has not fallen out, but retains its place, grinning helplessly through the battered port-hole. An expert surveyor of the Board of Trade and Irish



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT MUCKROSS ABBEY.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forrester.

Abercorn, the second was devoted to a display of fireworks. On Saturday the royal visitors proceeded to Londonderry, where they received probably the noisiest welcome of the whole tour. The city welcomed its distinguished guests handsomely, and after a banquet and speeches the royal party proceeded by way of Antrim to Mount Stewart, where they spent a quiet Sunday as guests of Lord Londonderry. Monday was occupied with a visit to Lord Annesley, at Newcastle, a lovely spot in the heart of the Mourne Mountains. Tuesday saw a visit to the horticultural show at Newtownards; and on Wednesday the Duke and Duchess paid a visit to Belfast, their stay being all too brief to satisfy the loyal people of the North.

THE ENGINEERING STRIKE.

The continued stoppage of work in most of the engineering establishments of England and Scotland, on account of the dispute between the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and the Employers' Federation upon the question of limiting the day's labour to eight hours, now begins to cause much distress among the workpeople employed in various allied manufacturing operations which are consequent or dependent upon those of the engineers. In London the interruption of work has not been so complete or general, and non-unionists have been enabled to get employment from several leading shipbuilders; one firm, that of Messrs. Yarrow, at Poplar, issuing a circular to all non-unionist men offering to pay them, for the first month, the usual rate of wages, and then according to their skill.

lins of sixty or seventy miles, the hills are occupied by numerous parties of the enemy, but they are vigilantly watched by detachments of the British Indian Army. In the region to the north of Peshawar, while General Sir Bindon Blood is marching down from Chakdara and the Swat Valley, with two brigades, to effect the complete subjugation of the Mohmands, he will be aided by a special Mohmand Field Force, under General Elles, with Major-General Westmacott and Colonel McGregor as Brigadiers, moving up from Shabkadr; and there is an advanced force, under Brigadier-General Wodehouse, already on the Panjkora river, with the remaining part of the Third Brigade at Uch. The Swat Valley tribes have surrendered 2000 guns. The Government of India has accepted from some of the native Princes in the Punjab offers to contribute portions of their military forces, which will be assembled at Peshawar.

THE SOUDAN ADVANCE.

By the latest news from the headquarters of the Egyptian Army, at Merawi, we are informed that Berber has been relinquished by the Dervishes or followers of the Khalifa, who have withdrawn at Metemneh, the nearest place on the Nile to Khartoum reached by the British troops in Lord Wolseley's expedition. General Hunter, with four gun-boats, has already left Abu Hamed to take possession of Berber, and the Commander-in-Chief will soon follow. Our sketches, from Wady Halfa, represent some of the Dervish prisoners taken in the late fighting at Abu Hamed.

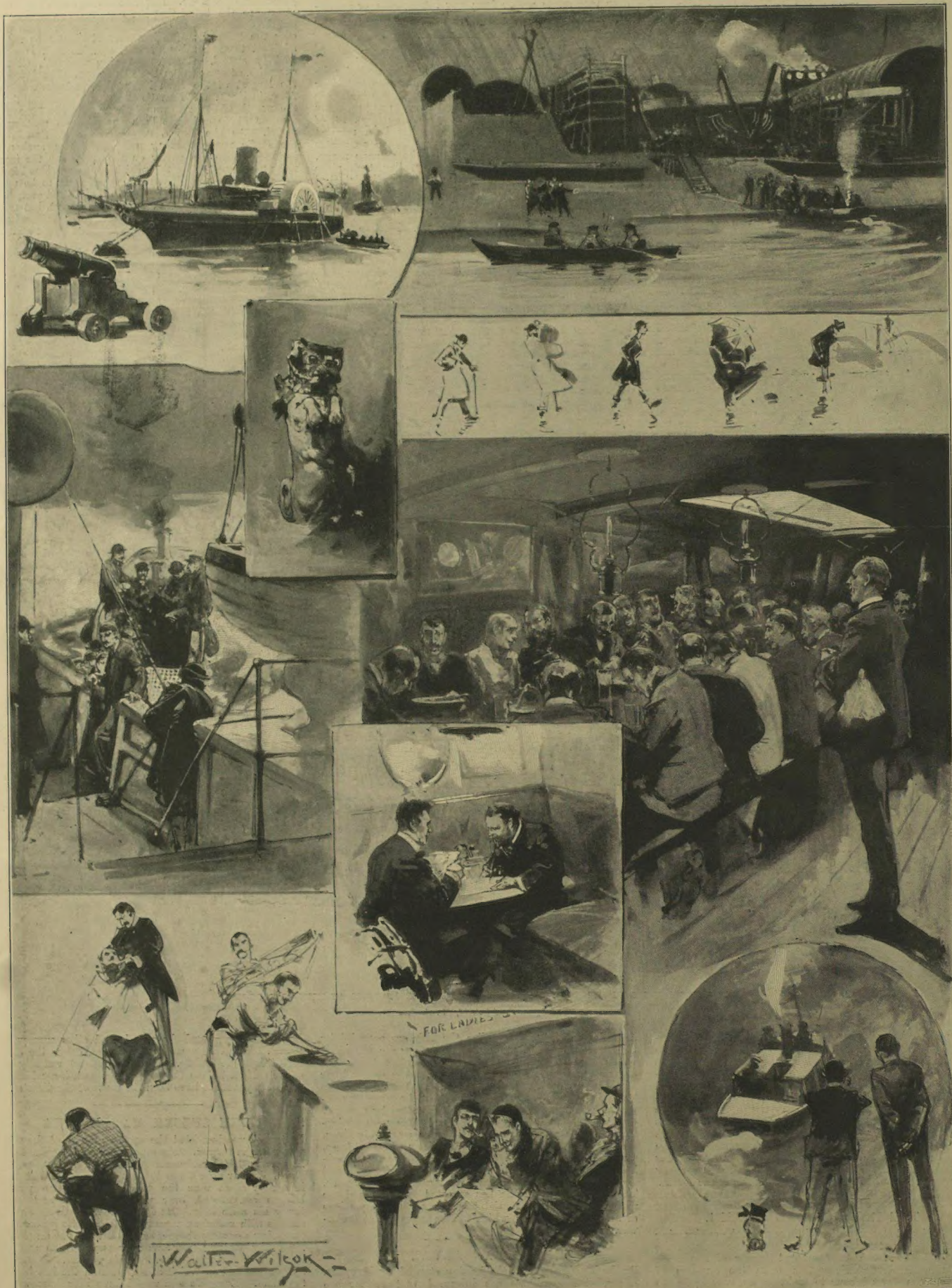
Lights has examined the vessel, and other surveys will follow. It will be some time, however, before the official report is made public. It is considered unlikely that experts will attribute the wreck to a collision, which was at first supposed to have been the cause of the disaster.

THE SUSSEX MANŒUVRES.

Last week we chronicled the opening moves of the mimic war-game in Sussex. The second day was glorious for the Engineers. Major-General Burnett had retired across the Arun, destroying all the bridges as he went, but in an incredibly short time the Engineers had two pontoon bridges constructed, over which Major-General Gosset threw his main body. He did not, however, follow up his success with sufficient vigour, and the day's proceedings, excepting a cavalry charge, had rather a tame conclusion. Next day Burnett, reinforced by one brigade and two batteries, took the offensive, intending to drive the enemy, now entrenched on Welsham Down, from the left bank of the Arun. Burnett's aim would have been Harrow Hill, the key of the position, but this he failed to carry, owing to erroneous information as to the enemy's strength in that quarter. The "battle" was to a great extent an artillery duel, the handling of Burnett's field-guns, under Colonel Davis, earning Sir Redvers Buller's commendation. Friday reversed the movements of Wednesday, when Burnett essayed to recross the Arun, and, by admirable strategy, succeeded. On Saturday the manœuvres were concluded with many strategic movements and a battle.

The "Southampton," in which Messrs. Yarrow's men are lodged.
 "Peter," the Pickets' Terror.

Leaving the Yard.
The Pleasures of a Longshore Picket.



Coming Aboard.
A Shave and Wash-up.

The Captain's Cabin.
A Quiet Pipe.

Dinner.
Off for a Cruise.

THE ENGINEERING STRIKE: SKETCHES AT MESSRS. YARROW'S SHIPYARD AT POPLAR AND ON BOARD THE "SOUTHAMPTON."

Drawn by T. Walter Wilson, R.I.

THE SOUDAN ADVANCE.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Frederic Villiers.



THE DERVISH CHIEF, MAHOMMED EZZAM, IN THE JAIL AT WADY HALFA: COLONEL MAXWELL, COMMANDANT AT WADY HALFA, EXAMINING THE PRISONER.
Mahommed Ezzam, who is probably the youngest of the Khalifa's Chiefs, was taken prisoner in the hand-to-hand fight at Abu Hamed.



THE DERVISHES CAPTURED IN THE FIGHT AT ABU HAMED IN JAIL AT WADY HALFA.

The prisoners, who all belong to the Baggara tribe, are the finest types and most desperate fighting men in the Khalifa's army.

PERSONAL.

The East Denbighshire Unionists have chosen a strong candidate in the Hon. George Kenyon. He sat for the Denbigh Boroughs in the House of Commons from 1885 to 1895, when he retired on the ground of ill-health. His personal claims and local popularity make him a formidable candidate for the seat vacated by Sir George Osborne Morgan's death.

The Sultan has told the Armenian Patriarch at Constantinople that he loves the Armenian people, and the Patriarch has offered prayers for the "goodness and honesty" of the Turkish Government. This Oriental Pecksniffery is taken quite seriously by some admirers of Abdul Hamid, who tell us that the language of the Patriarch shows how much the Sultan has been maligned.

Lieutenant A. J. M. Higginson, 1st Sikhs, who died on Aug. 20, at Datta Khel, from enteric fever, following on the severe wounds he twice received at Maizar, was second son of the late C. H. Higginson, and grandson of the late Sir J. M. Higginson. He was a brave soldier, and for the valiant service at Maizar, which eventually cost him his life, and his country the loss of a most promising officer, he was mentioned in despatches and recommended for the Distinguished Service Order.

Photo Nicholas and Co. Ma'va.
THE LATE LIEUTENANT A. J. M. HIGGINSON.

English chaplains on the Continent rejoice over stray actors, not with a view to conversion but because the actors, when well known, are very attractive in the reading-desk. Mr. George Alexander happened to be in the Dolomite district lately, and was captured by the local chaplain for the reading of the lesson. It is very likely that this achievement considerably swelled the congregation and the offertory. There is a story of a cricketer who staggered his hearers in church with, "Here endeth the first innings!" Probably Mr. Alexander was careful not to say, "Here endeth the first act!"

Prince Bismarck does not agree with Emperor William's apotheosis of his grandfather. The first Emperor William is described by the ex-Chancellor as an "old gentleman who always ran straight at the decisive moment." This is rather different from the mighty genius who figures in recent speeches in the Rhineland. Prince Bismarck has a natural preference for the belief that he, and not the other "old gentleman," made the German Empire.

Emperor William is so extraordinary a portent that the simplest incidents relating to him give rise to the wildest gossip. During a recent yachting expedition he received a black eye from a swinging rope. Some days later a Lieutenant in the imperial yacht lost his life on shore. He was said to have ridden his bicycle over a cliff in Norway. The gossips put two and two together, and made a hundred. The Lieutenant was responsible for the imperial black eye, and had committed suicide. The whole story is now shown to be ridiculous. Lieutenant von Hahnke did not ride over a cliff, but in trying to avoid a cart on a narrow mountain track he and his bicycle were precipitated into a torrent. This disposes of one more melodramatic legend.

The Ven. John Griffiths, Archdeacon of Llandaff, who died last week at Asbyrin, Neath, at the age of seventy-seven, had been associated for over half a century with the national and educational movements of Wales. At Neath he built several day schools at the cost of many thousands of pounds; and the goodfeeling entertained towards him by the Non-conformists led to their decision not to open any opposing Board schools in his lifetime. He, on his part, always joined his Non-conformist fellow-workers in all social movements,

Photo Archibald Goidie, Swansea.
THE LATE ARCHDEACON GRIFFITHS.

such as those for the promotion of temperance and for the successful holding of the Eisteddfod. He built a church at Neath at a cost of over £10,000, and he introduced a service in Welsh. The Archdeacon was a member of the governing body of the University College of Wales at Aberystwyth, and of the University College, Cardiff.

The London and North-Western Railway Company has introduced a new style of second and third class dining-cars between Euston and Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool. Instead of resembling a long room fitted with seats, the new car consists of a number of little compartments with doors, leading into a side passage communicating with the kitchen. The charges for an excellent table d'hôte are but three-and-sixpence for first class and half-a-crown second and third class.

On Tuesday evening last week, after making the passage from Osborne to Gosport, on her way to Balmoral,

the Queen conferred the dignity of Knighthood on Staff-Captain William B. Goldsmith. Sir William has commanded the royal yacht *Alberta* since 1873; but that was his last voyage across the Solent with her Majesty as passenger, for the time has come for his retirement under the age-clause. As the *Alberta* came alongside at Gosport the Queen summoned the commander to the quarterdeck, and knighted him there and then in presence of Admiral Fullerton and of the members of the royal household then in attendance. Sir William's father was a Commander in the Navy, and his grandfather a General in the Army. About forty years ago he served with the *Philonel* in the suppression of the African slave trade; a little later he assisted in the destruction of the Flotshian flotilla, and in the blockade of the Canton River; he acted as Staff-Commander of the *Serapis* during the Prince of Wales's visit to India; and had the command of the royal yacht *Elfin* before he undertook that of the *Alberta*. Sir William married a daughter of the late Colonel H. C. Colton.



Photo Kirk and Son, Colver, L.W.
SIR WILLIAM B. GOLDSMITH.

The death, on Tuesday, of Mr. Justice Cave removed from the High Court of Justice a member of the Bench



Photo Bassano, Old Bond Street.
THE LATE MR. JUSTICE CAVE.

He married, in 1856, Julia, daughter of the late Rev. C. F. Watkins, Vicar of Brixworth; and, like the Lord Chief Justice, he chose the neighbourhood of Epsom for his country house.

The Pope is said to be greatly alarmed by the Zionist Congress at Basle. The idea of a Jewish restoration to Palestine fills him with horror, and he is agitating for the redemption of the Holy Land from Turkish control in order that it may be placed under the care of the Vatican. This scheme is even wilder than the notion that the Jews will ever consent to return to the land of their origin. They are too comfortable elsewhere. Why should the English or French Jew crave for a Hebrew Republic at Jerusalem? Perhaps the Pope is dreaming of leaving Rome and establishing his spiritual and temporal authority close to Gethsemane.

The death is announced, at Slane Castle, County Meath, of Henry Francis, fourth Marquis Conyngham,

who was also Earl of Mount Charles and Viscount Slane in the peerage of Ireland, and Baron Minister in the peerage of the United Kingdom, under which unfamiliar title he took his seat in the House of Lords. He was born in 1837, was educated at Eton, and served in the Scots Guards from 1880 to 1882. In the latter year he succeeded his father in the title and estates, and he married the Hon. Frances Evelyn de Moleyns, eldest daughter of the fourth Baron Ventry. The late Marquis, who owned Bifrons, near Canterbury, as well as several Irish seats, and who was returned in the New Domesday Book as the owner of 175,000 acres of land, with a rentroll of upwards of £50,000, is succeeded by his eldest son, Lord Mount Charles, a boy fourteen years of age.



Photo Chancellor, Dublin.
THE LATE MARQUIS CONYNGHAM.

The life of a mad Mullah is not a pleasant one. The fanatics who have stirred up the hill tribes on the Indian frontier seem to be giving up the game. One Mullah, who has the reputation of being madder than the rest, has gone home, leaving the Afriids, who were foolish enough to listen to him, to receive the inevitable castigation from a British expedition. He wanted them to make more forays, but they said they preferred to take a turn at agriculture.

We have some religious lunatics in this country. The "Peculiar People" are again unpleasantly prominent. When their children fall ill they will not call in a doctor, and the consequences of this neglect have been repeatedly brought to the notice of police magistrates. One Peculiar person is now committed for trial for manslaughter. Conviction will be followed by imprisonment, but that will not make the smallest difference to these obstinate Mullahs. It is one of those cases in which the passive resistance of sheer lunacy completely baffles the law.

General Sir William Lockhart, whose holiday at home has been summarily ended by an order to proceed to India to head the punitive expedition against the Afriids, entered the Indian service in 1858, when only seventeen years of age. He has done duty in Abyssinia as well as in India. In 1883 he went to Chitral on a mission which ended in various alliances between Border chiefs and the British Government. He has commanded a brigade in Burma, and has been Assistant Military Secretary for Indian Affairs at the Horse Guards. No more experienced hand, therefore, could be put to the delicate task that the Government must now undertake. Sir William, who is the son of a clergyman, belongs to the family of Lockharts for ever associated with the name of Walter Scott.



Photo Maill and Fox, Piccadilly.
GENERAL SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART.

Princess Elvira, daughter of Don Carlos, who eloped with Signor Folchi, an Italian painter, appears to be living with her husband in great contentment at Washington. She is engaged in a bonnet-shop, where she makes bonnets from nine in the morning till seven in the evening, to the unbounded satisfaction of the customers. Imagine the joy of a Washington leader of fashion when she puts on a bonnet made by a real live Princess, none of your upstart royalty, but a daughter of one of the oldest monarchical families in Europe! Signor Folchi seems to be flourishing on numerous commissions for pictures.

The Earl of Egmont, who died on Sunday night at his Sussex seat, Cowdray Park, Midhurst, succeeded his uncle in the family title and estates in 1874. He then represented Midhurst in Parliament, a village intimately associated with the name of Richard Cobden, who lived there, and now no longer invested with the privilege of sending a representative to Parliament. The Earl, who married, in 1869, Miss Lucy King, who survives him, is succeeded by his cousin, Mr. Augustus Arthur Percival. The Earl of Egmont, who had an attached if limited circle of friends, was never happier than when he was entertaining them at Cowdray, where he was comfortably housed, though he did not attempt to rebuild the mansion which was destroyed by fire some years ago.

On Thursday last week Mr. David Powell, a well-known director, and a former Governor of the Bank of England, died suddenly of paralysis of the heart at his town house, 45, Farm Street, Mayfair. He was the eldest son of Mr. David Powell, of Hampstead, and he married, in 1867, Miss Lucy Elizabeth Prior, of Hylands, Essex. Though only fifty-seven years of age, Mr. Powell had passed a very active and useful career as a merchant in Leadenhall Street, and as a director of many important bodies, such as the East and West India Dock Company and the Guardian Fire and Life Insurance Company. It was during his tenure of the Deputy-Governorship of the Bank of England, from 1884 to 1892, that the Baring crisis occurred, and when Mr. Lidderdale, the Governor, took steps to avert a financial panic, he was materially assisted to that end by Mr. David Powell.

Señor Portas, who was badly wounded by an Anarchist at Barcelona, is said to have tortured the Anarchist prisoners at Montjuich. The evidence is by no means conclusive, but Spanish methods of repression have long been suspect. We know what they are in Cuba. The war between General Weyler and the insurgents is waged with a ferocity worthy of Alva and the "Spanish fury" in the Netherlands.

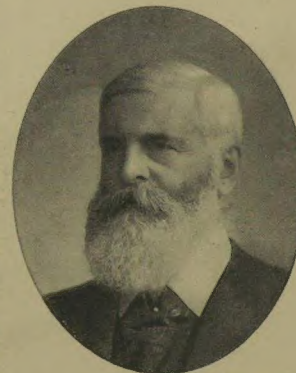


Photo Watney, Regent Street.
THE LATE MR. DAVID POWELL.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Henry of Battenberg and the children—both those of her Royal Highness and those of the Duke and Duchess of York—has been at Balmoral since Wednesday, Sept. 1. Prince and Princess Joseph of Battenberg have arrived there on a visit to her Majesty. Princess Frederica of Hanover, with her husband, has also arrived.

The Prince of Wales left Marienbad on Sunday to join the Princess of Wales at Copenhagen, for the family celebration of the eightieth birthday of her mother, the Queen of Denmark. His Royal Highness arrived in Denmark on Monday.

The Institute of Journalists, presided over by Mr. J. W. Maclean, M.P., at Cardiff last week, has received a gift of £5000 from Sir J. Willox, M.P., to be the nucleus of a benevolent pension fund. Sir Edward Russell, of Liverpool, was elected president for the conference of next year. On Friday parties of the members visited the docks and the neighbouring collieries, and on Saturday there were steam-boat excursions to the coasts of the Bristol Channel. The Mayor of Cardiff entertained the journalists at dinner, and they were also received as guests by Lord Windsor and the other directors of the Barry Dock Company.

Six lives were lost by the upsetting of boats on the sea at Deal and on the Northumberland coast during the strong gales of wind last week. Four persons were drowned by a similar accident near Sittingbourne on Monday.

At Sydney, New South Wales, the return of Sir Robert Reid, the Colonial Prime Minister, from attending the Queen's Jubilee in London, was greeted with enthusiastic demonstrations of applause.

Sir Alfred Milner, Governor of the Cape Colony, has been received in the Eastern Province, at East London and King William's Town, with gratifying loyalty.

The German Emperor William II., with the Empress, received King Humbert of Italy and Queen Margherita at Homburg on Friday, Sept. 3, as guests during the German army manoeuvres, in company with the Kings of Saxony and Wurtemberg, the Prince Regent of Bavaria, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse, and other Princes. The Duke of Cambridge represented our Queen and country. There was a review of Bavarian troops at Schweinau, near Nuremberg. Both at Homburg and, a day or two before, at Coblenz, the Emperor made speeches expressing his confidence in the firm alliances of other nations with

not mortal. Sempan also wounded a waiter at a restaurant. He was, at the trial by court-martial, at first condemned to successive terms of imprisonment amounting to forty years, but this sentence is to be revised by the Council of War; and it is expected that Sempan will be put to death.

Peace negotiations at Constantinople have been prolonged

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The Haymarket Theatre reopened on Saturday last with a revival of Mr. Grundy's apt translation of Dumas' charming comedy, "A Marriage of Convenience." Apart from Mr. Brandon Thomas's success in a farcical curtain-raiser concerned with "The Tarantula" of a droll

Scotch entomologist, the most interesting feature of the present programme is the appearance of a new Comte de Candale in the person of the Haymarket lessee, Mr. Frederick Harrison. We saw, of course, humour, vigour, and considerable personal charm in the original representative of this fascinating figure, but, as is so often the case with Mr. Terriss's costume impersonations, there was about the former Candale more than a touch of the blustering swash-buckler, or shall we say? the Adelphi hero in manner and tone alike. Now, while Mr. Harrison may prove a little too serious for some tastes, and undoubtedly divests the Comte of the more conventional airs and graces, he nevertheless brings to the part just that well-bred suavity, calm insolence, and quiet comedy which mark your true aristocrat. Mr. Cyril Maude's Valdos and Miss Emery's Contesse are now as thoroughly in the picture and of the period as Miss Dairolles's Marton always was, and "A Marriage of Convenience" bids fair to set back the arrival of "The Little Minister" till close on winter-time.

"The Wizard of the Nile" is a fit successor to "The Little Genius" and "The Yashmak"—of its kind a rather better entertainment than either of its predecessors at the Shaftesbury. In the first place, it is a comic opera—that is to say, a costume piece; and a picture of ancient Egypt, with its wealth of warm, vivid colour, must of necessity give adequate scope to such clever scene-painters as Messrs. Telbin and Hemsley. In the second place, the humour of the play is fairly human and not so drearily smart or fatuously up-to-date as the necessities of musical farce would seem to require. Then the music has not been brought together from the composers of all quarters of the globe. True, Mr. Victor Herbert's score is exuberantly reminiscent, but the various melodies are always bright and catchy, and a couple of solos for the heroine, a love duet and an anvil chorus, seem to have in them the elements of assured popularity. Such story as "The Wizard" can boast is related in Mr. H. B. Smith's first act, where we find the realm of King Ptolemy suffering from a drought, the King's daughter Cleopatra offered in marriage to the man who can raise the Nile waters, and a sham magician, Kibosh, to his own astonishment, successful



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.—THE TRIP ON THE RIVER SHANNON: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AND PARTY ON BOARD THE STEAM-SHIP "COUNTESS OF MAYO."

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forester.

by the unwillingness of Russia and France to join with England in the guarantee of the Greek loan for payment of the war indemnity to Turkey, and by Germany objecting to the sequestration, for interest upon this loan, of the stamp and tobacco duties, already deemed the security for preceding Greek loans. The Hellenic Government has now offered, as security, the duties on the export of currants and figs, and the customs' tolls at Laurium. But Lord Salisbury has this week made a fresh proposal, which is said to be satisfactory to Germany and the other Powers. It is that Greece shall, by a law to be passed in the Chamber at Athens, set apart revenues sufficient to pay the interest both of the former State loans and of the new loan to provide for the compensation due to Turkey. The collection and due application of this portion of Greek revenue is to be superintended by an International Commission of the Six Powers. Thessaly would be evacuated within a month after the signature of a preliminary treaty of peace. This is most urgent, since we have continually more distressing accounts of the losses to the people of Thessaly caused by the Turkish military occupation. The



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.—THE TRIP UP THE RIVER SHANNON: THE YACHT FLOTILLA SALUTING THE STEAM-SHIP "COUNTESS OF MAYO" AS SHE PASSED WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AND PARTY ON BOARD.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Mr. A. Forester.

Germany. He was accompanied by Prince Hohenlohe, the Imperial Chancellor, and Baron von Bulow; while the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Marquis Visconti Venosta, came with King Humbert. The imperial and royal party visited the Empress Frederick at her residence, Friedrichshof.

Another Anarchist assassination has been attempted in Spain. At Barcelona on Friday night the Chief of Police, Señor Portas, and Señor Teixidor, his subordinate officer, were shot from behind, while standing in the street, by a young man named Barril Sempan, a journalist, a fellow-conspirator with Angiolotti and others. Their wounds are

Sultan has raised fresh difficulties in the settlement of Crete by demanding that the Governor shall be a subject of the Ottoman Empire, and by delaying the removal of Turkish troops. The naval blockade of Crete is discontinued.

The Czar Nicholas II., with the Czarina, visiting Warsaw and other towns of Poland last week, was everywhere greeted with a loyal and cordial reception. A review of 126,000 Russian troops was held near Bialystok. Severe distress, caused by drought and failure of the harvest, is felt in the inland provinces of Russia.

An International Congress of Geologists has been opened this week at Moscow.

in bringing about the desired result. Extravagant complications are brought about by the overflow culminating in an inundation, by a threatened elopement of the Princess with her music-master, Parmigan, and by the rivalry of Kibosh's own pupil, Alydos. The interpretation is satisfactory. The three singers, Miss Adele Ritchie, Miss Amy Augarde, and Mr. Harrison Brockbank, are all successful; and a trio of comedians, popular Mr. Jack Dallas, nimble Mr. Rock, and quaint Mr. Dagnall, are, at least, tolerably diverting. A word or two, perhaps, of special notice should be devoted to Miss Ritchie, the new American soprano, who plays the heroine. She is blessed with a pretty face, a charming figure, and a showy upper register.

"RIP VAN WINKLE."

Mr. Hedmond is a man of most praiseworthy ideals. He has evidently cast his eye around the London theatres of recent days and has come to the conclusion that it is about time the period of musical farce should be stayed; and, indeed, in this conclusion he certainly finds himself all but unanimously supported by the Press and by the better class of playgoers. It is impossible, therefore, not to regard with considerable kindness his latest achievement in staging a new romantic comic opera, constructed upon a reasonable and legitimate basis. The piece, "Rip van Winkle," was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday, Sept. 4, the music by Mr. Leoni, the libretto by one who desires to be known as William Akerman. Mr. Akerman treats the story of Rip van Winkle with a certain freedom of detail that is by no means disagreeable, with one or two exceptions, and has managed in his telling of that story to write a few lyrics of considerably more than average merit. He has failed, as it seems to us, to secure interest in the most critical scene of the whole drama—the temptation of Rip to forgetfulness and sleep in the Catskill Mountains—and he has made an odd mistake of fact in dealing with Rip as if he were an old man of ninety after no more than a twenty years' sleep. Apart from these points the libretto has picturesqueness, and the story is told coherently and intelligibly. The music is written with a good deal of skill and with considerable fluency. Mr. Leoni has been blamed in many quarters for the agitated and emotional score which he has composed around so peaceful a village story as that of Rip van Winkle; but we find no fault with that. There is not the slightest reason why the emotions even of such a story should not be interpreted in music with particularity of detail, which, after all, is no more than Mr. Leoni has done. No; if we have any fault to find it is not with the eccentric character of the scoring, which, indeed, has a good deal of originality, but rather with the obvious quality of the melodies, which, though pretty, are too often reminiscent. Still, it would be absurd to deny Mr. Leoni's very certain personal qualities as a musician, who, however, is perhaps somewhat lacking at present in the power of self-criticism. As Rip,

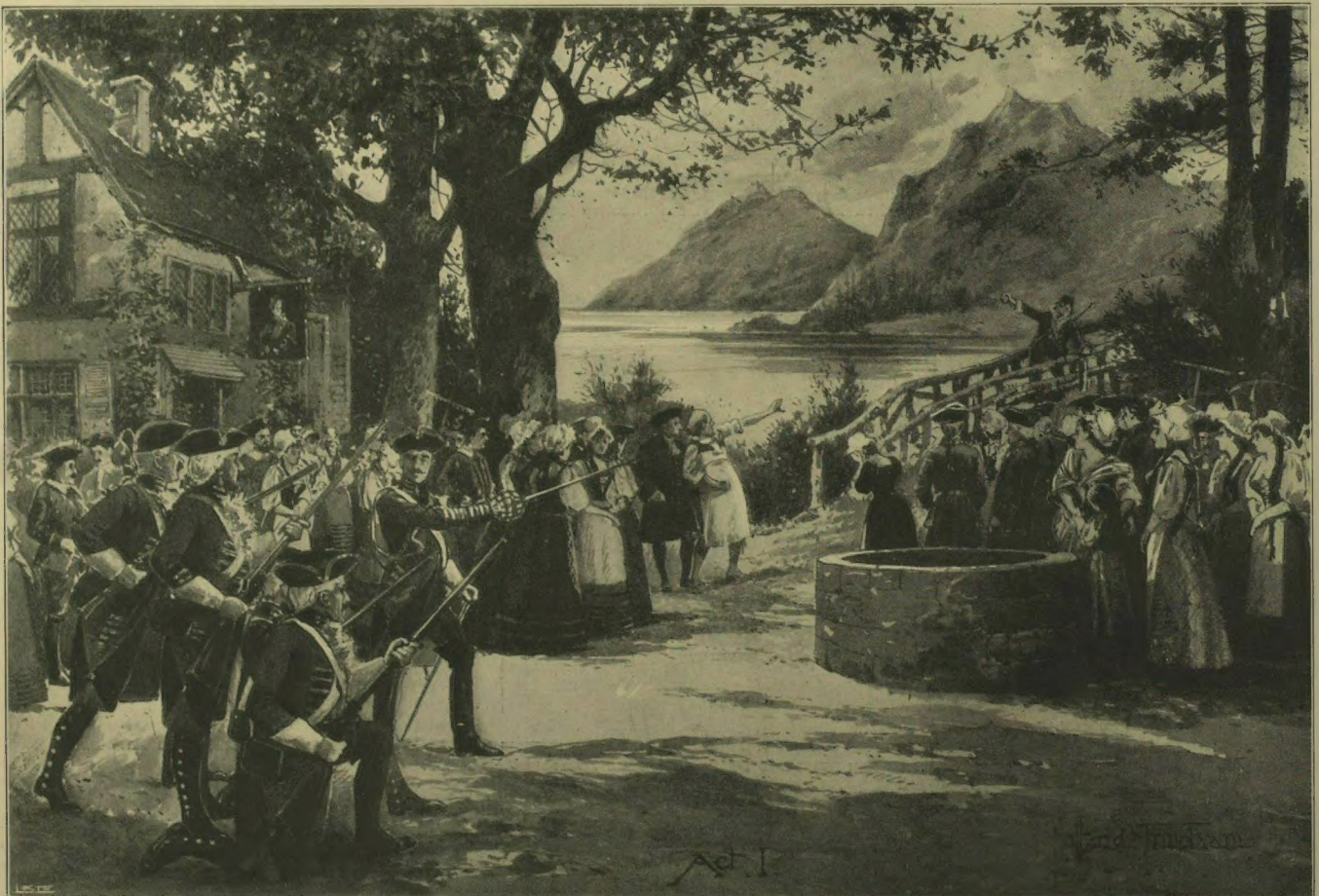


"RIP VAN WINKLE," THE NEW COMIC OPERA AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Rip van Winkle (Mr. Hedmond) allured by the Spirit of the Mountains (Miss Ross-Selwicks).

Mr. Hedmond worked with tremendous energy, and indeed acts with insight and often sings with sweetness; Miss Attalie Claire's impersonation of Gretchen, Rip's wife, was tender and significant, if somewhat conventional; Mr. Herbert Linwood's Knickerbocker was agreeably sung; and Mr. Arthur Winckworth's Nick Vedder was really excellent. Miss Isa McCusker,

as a lively village maiden, the sweetheart of Knickerbocker, was quite funny, though not always of set purpose; and Miss Ross-Selwicks, as a skirt-dancer, in the second act—imagine a skirt-dance in the Catskill Mountains!—went through her part elegantly and effectively. The staging was not on an ambitious scale, but was good of its kind.



"RIP VAN WINKLE," THE NEW COMIC OPERA AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The flight of Rip van Winkle to the Catskill Mountains.

THE HAPLESS BOASTER

BY GEORGE GISSING

ILLUSTRATED BY GUNNING KING.



"A bit better, this. Had to travel from Liverpool Street in a beastly third-clawss. It's bad enough when you can't afford better, but when you've taken a first-clawss ticket— And blamed if I know how I lost it. I hadn't over much time, do you see, and just when I got to the carriage-door, and the guard asks for my ticket, blest if I could find it! First return to Bury St. Edmunds—couldn't find it anywhere—must have dropped the blooming thing in the station. The guard wasn't for letting me go, but I wouldn't stand that. One of the porters knew me, d'you see. 'It's Mr. Mulling,' he says; 'Mr. Mulling's all right.' He's a tenant of mine, that porter; lives in one of my houses. 'Just wait a bit, Sir,' says the guard. And so I stood swearing all I knew; and just the last minute got shoved into a beastly third-clawss. Makes you feel you've been bested; I don't like it. And where the devil did that ticket get to?"

He began, no doubt for the hundredth time, a fruitless search of his pockets. I, having reflected for a moment, told him what I had found at Liverpool Street, and he gave a great shout.

"Why, that was my ticket, sure enough; They'll have to refund. See, I've booked again here. I'll wire the booking-clerk—wouldn't that be best?"

Respectability would have shrunk from this man. He was very loud, in all senses of the word; a very rich specimen of vulgarity. For me he had a certain interest, beyond that inspired by his monumental snobbishness. I saw in him a certain simplicity of nature, which conflicted oddly with his self-assertive spirit. His "Wouldn't that be best?" came unexpectedly, and allowed me a peep into the creature's mind. He smiled, too, as no mere brute can smile: it had something of geniality, something that

made unconscious apology for his offensiveness. It was easy to guess that he had not always been in a position to travel first class; that it was still rather a new thing for him to speak of anyone as his "tenant." His shiny clothes sat awkwardly upon him; his travelling-bag might have come straight from the shop; his very chin seemed unaccustomed to the perfect razor which had this morning operated upon it. A ruder visage I have seldom looked upon, yet it did not betoken ill-nature, not even a radically mean disposition. He glowed with gratitude to me for what I had told him, and only by maintaining a very rigid hauteur, which is not my foible, could I have checked the copious flow of his conversation.

"Going far, Sir?" He evidently let slip the "Sir" by pure accident. "Oh, the same place? Well, I'm going down to Bury on a queer sort of business. I don't know as you can call it business, either; it is more of a pleasure. No, I don't mean just a 'oliday. I'm going down to make a man look small."

He clapped his hands upon his knees, and regarded me with a grin.

"Yes, and if he wasn't an old man, I'd say I was going to kick him!"

He laughed noisily, then glanced at the windows.

"Isn't this a smoker? Just my luck. I had to jump in sharp without thinking."

As if to assure me that his smoking tackle would not have dishonoured the compartment, he pulled out an expensive-looking pipe-case, opened it, and gazed fondly at a pipe ornamented in execrable taste.

"Well, no 'elp for it. Do you know Bury? I was born and bred there myself, though I can't say I'm proud of it."

I knew already that he was not a pure Londoner. A country origin would alone account for the several points in which he fell short of complete repulsiveness. Without inviting him by word or look to continue his autobiography, I waited for the details sure to follow. Mr. Mulling was of expansive nature, and the fact of my having picked up his railway-ticket seemed to him, no doubt, to establish a personal tie between us. I easily foresaw that, at the journey's end or before it, he would cordially invite me to drink, and take his first draught to our better acquaintance. So it rather surprised me when, as if chilled by my laconic phrases, he suddenly leaned back, stared through the window, and presently began to shape his lips in a silent whistle.

This would not do. I wanted to know more of the man. A remark about the look of the country at once brought back his genial countenance, and he was soon on the autobiographic track again.

"It's nearly twenty years since I travelled this line. I've been a good bit about England, but I always kept

BENT on leaving town, yet unable even at this last moment to decide whither I should betake myself. I mooned about the booking-office at Liverpool Street. So far my mind was lucid: I wished to see something of East Anglia; but it seemed as though my starting point must depend on chance. And chance, in a rather unlikely way, resolved the doubt for me. Dropping my eyes, I saw just before me a railway ticket, which in another moment I should have trodden upon. It was a first-class ticket (return) to Bury St. Edmunds. I stared at it vaguely for a moment, then went to speak with the booking-clerk.

"Issued it to a gentleman not two minutes ago. Thank you; I'll put it aside here."

"You may as well give me one of the same," I remarked. "No, by the bye; single, not return."

He bade me hasten; I was only just in time; the train had begun to move as I tumbled into a compartment, and had my bag thrown in after me. Of course I resented the whole proceeding, and, to keep myself in countenance, began to stuff a pipe. A voice (two men were my fellow-travellers) civilly told me that this was not a smoking-carriage, which increased my dissatisfaction with the nature of things.

The train ran without a stop to Chelmsford. No word was spoken; we three travellers, with scarce a glance at each other, sat stolidly mute. At Chelmsford the two alighted, and I hoped to remain solitary; but the door soon opened, and there leapt in a young man whose dress and countenance told me a good deal about him before he had opened his lips. He spoke, however, almost at once.



There sat my acquaintance, dining cheerfully in the company of an oldish man.

clear of the eastern counties. You see, I hadn't any relations left down here. And I hated the old place. There's no other word for it—I always hated the name of the place. Good reason, too."

"Disagreeable memories, no doubt."

"Just a little!"

He laughed, but rather in the note of triumph than of malice.

"You mightn't think it"—he gave me a confidential look—"but, as a lad I had about as hard a time as a lad could have. I've been through the mill, and no mistake. I've known what it means to go for a day or two without food, and it's hungry sort of air in Suffolk, too."

I tried to look astonishment.

"You wouldn't have thought it—not to look at me now? The truth is, I began low down, precious low down, I did. After all, it's nothing to be ashamed of, that I can see."

I knew the commonplace that would delight him, and I uttered it with all impressiveness.

"Well," he replied cheerily, "that's what I think. Do you know Bury at all? Ah, then you won't have heard of Wiggins. Wiggins the builder? He's the man I'm going to see. The last time I saw him he kicked me out of his yard into the street. And that's why I should like to kick him when I see him. He's alive still. I know; but he must be close on sixty, and I'm only thirty-four. So I shan't hurt him. I shall just go and look him in the face, and say, 'Mr. Wiggins, I daresay you don't remember me. My name is Samuel Mulling.' And then I'll see how he looks!"

His air of exultation was delightful. He pulled himself together, threw his head back and a little to one side, pursed his lips, smiled with ineffable superiority. One pictured the senile Wiggins sadly overcome. At the same time I felt sure that this full-blown victor would feel not the slightest inclination to kick, or in any way ill-use, his enemy of twenty years ago.

"I was in Wiggins's employ. A poor lad, getting two or three shillings a week. And he didn't treat me well. Bless if I'd ever use a boy as Wiggins used me—bless if I would! He'd never

a civil word for me. I don't say as I was all I might have been. I shirked work whenever I could—but what else can you expect of a lad that's half starved, and hasn't no proper people to look after him? Wiggins kicked me out at last. Why, I can feel the point of his boot now! He told me I'd never come to any good, and I hadn't the spirit to shout back at him. But I've always said to myself that some day I'd be even with Wiggins. I've always said it, and I believe it helped to keep me going straight when I might have taken the wrong turn, many a time."

"Then, on the whole," I ventured to say, "Wiggins has been your benefactor."

This seemed to throw a new light on the matter for Mr. Mulling. He thought a moment, came slowly round to the point of view, and laughed at length good-naturedly.

"Well, it does look rather like it, I'll own. But he was a brute to me all the same."

Reminiscences kept him silent for a minute or two.

The train was stopping. To my satisfaction, no intruder appeared at the door, and as soon as we moved on again, Mulling resumed his narrative. He sat now in a free-and-easy attitude, with hands underneath his thighs, and legs tucked beneath the seat.

"I got to London after that kick. I had a sister in London, married to a man in business. It wasn't much of a business then—a small grocery concern at Pentonville. They took me on as an errand boy." His voice was lowered a little, and he looked me straight in the eyes, as if braving out a disgraceful confession. "Can you see me running errands, eh? But I did, for a year and more. Then things began to look up. My brother-in-law got a little money left him, and he opened a bigger shop, and I went behind the counter. Amusin' story, don't you think?"

But not thus was I to lose sight of Mulling. A stranger in the town, I left my bag and rambled about until I felt inclined for a meal; the hotel at which I obtained it pleased me, and I decided to take up my quarters here until the morrow. Some hours later I returned to dine, and on entering the room I at once recognised a voice: there, at an end of the long table, sat my acquaintance, dining cheerfully in the company of an oldish man, obese, red-nosed, and plainly dressed. Could this be the redoubtable Wiggins? I thought it more than likely. Mulling did not observe me until I had taken a seat, when, with just perceptible embarrassment, he smiled and nodded. After this it seemed to me that he talked in a lower tone, but every now and then a few words reached my ears. "First-rate business. . . . My house property. . . . Look after my

tenants. . . . Enjoy myself. . . ." His companion mumbled, and seemed chiefly bent on the business of eating and drinking; I happened to notice that he fed himself with his knife, and on the whole appeared rather out of place at a table such as this. When I rose and went away, they were still lingering over the last stages of their dinner.

As it had begun to rain, I had no choice but to finish the evening in the smoking-room, and there, about ten o'clock, Mulling once more showed himself. Having called loudly for whisky and soda and a "good" cigar, he dropped into a chair close by me.

"So you've put up here? First-rate hotel. If you'd asked me, I should have advised you to come here. It was always the best in Bury."

I saw that he spoke in this large way because of another man who sat within ear-shot. Until the stranger withdrew he smoked in silence; able at length to resume the confidential tone, he looked at me with a smile.

"You saw the old fellow I had with me at dinner? That was Wiggins."

"Indeed?"

"Never knew a man alter so. I shouldn't have known him. He's got fat, and I guess he drinks too much. His business has gone to the devil. I found him in a little house—the kind of place he'd have been ashamed to live in when I was here before. I couldn't help feeling sorry for

him, and I brought him along here just to cheer him up."

"Very kind of you."

"Well, I don't know how it is, but hanged if I didn't feel quite glad to see him again. Queer thing, eh? The old brute! He was a brute to me, and no mistake; but somehow I couldn't pay him back in his own coin. Of course, he didn't know me; didn't seem at first to remember even when I told him my name. And when it came back to him, I thought he looked a bit frightened—seemed to want to get out of my way, like. 'Anything I can do for you, Sir?' he said. Yes, he called me 'Sir,' and as soon as I heard that I forgave him. Couldn't help myself."

Mulling had evidently taken a good deal of liquor to celebrate this occasion. He was not at all overcome, but a sentimental light shone in his eyes; he wished me to praise him for his noble conduct.

"You can't kick a man when he's down; and Wiggins is down. He had a wife and three children; all dead now, except his youngest daughter, and she's a widow with two



I met a family party coming forth.

Most interesting, I assured him.

"And from that day to this, the business has gone on getting bigger. When my brother-in-law died, six months ago, he had five shops in different parts of London. My sister's been dead a long time, and they'd no children, and I came in for a solid bit of property. It makes me independent. I can go on and make more money if I like, and if I like I can retire into private life."

Phrases such as this last have an amusing sound on the lips of uneducated people. Mulling rolled the words upon his palate, and I knew he must have uttered them a great many times since his good luck befell him. Presently our conversation was hindered by the entrance of other passengers, but Mulling continued to depict himself from time to time in casual remarks. I felt sorry that I could not be present at the meeting between him and his old master.

At Bury St. Edmunds, as I had anticipated, he invited me to take refreshment ere we parted. I excused myself, and we went each on our way.

little 'uns. I saw her at the house, and she told me all about him, whilst he was out of the room. She remembered me right enough. When I was a lad working for old Wiggins, she must have been about my age."

Curiosity compelled me to ask how he and the little Miss Wiggins could have been acquainted in those days.

"Well, I don't quite know how she came to remember me," he confessed. "But she says she did. We seemed to get on very well together, her and me. I mean, this afternoon. I don't know what she's got to live on; I suppose the old man keeps her and the children. He doesn't seem a bad sort of chap, old Wiggins. It's different, you see, when I come to talk to him now. We've changed places—except that I'm a good deal better off than he ever was at the best of times."

"You acquainted him with that fact?"

"Why, of course I did. What else did I come here for? I didn't crow over him, as I've always thought I would; but I couldn't help reminding him how we parted, twenty years ago; and he looked ashamed of himself. That's something, you know. I've always said I'd make old Wiggins ashamed of himself."

"And now you return to London?"

and it led to Bury St. Edmunds. Having to spend the night there, we went to the hotel I already knew, and after dinner, tired with much archaeological walking, we made ourselves comfortable in the smoking-room. Presently I saw enter a man whose commonplace appearance suggested nothing to me; he came forward with a slouching sort of step, looking about the room with dull eyes, then carelessly took up a newspaper, and seated himself. A few minutes afterwards the voice of a newcomer drew my attention.

"Evening, Mr. Mulling."

I turned to the speaker, and then to the man whom he had addressed, the slouching, dull-eyed individual. The name Mulling had faded from my memory; but on hearing it spoken I connected it at once with the incident which had amused me three years ago. And after a steady scrutiny it seemed to me that I recognised the face of the man who sat there with a newspaper. In reply to the greeting, he had merely nodded, but he now gave an order for a glass of something, and the voice helped me to identify him. The details of Mulling's story came freshly back to my mind. I began to wonder how it was that he reappeared to me in this hotel, and with the air of one who had sat here drinking and smoking ever since I lost sight of

the room, and while chatting with my friend I saw the dull eyes ever and again fixed upon me. Mulling drank two or three glasses of his chosen beverage. One had only to observe him to feel assured that he came and sat thus evening after evening just to kill the time. When at length I rose and went out the man followed me; he overtook me in the hall, and accosted me with a shame-faced grin.

"I'm only just beginning to remember you. It seems longer ago than you said, but of course I know it can't be. I couldn't remember the look of you a bit, but I think I begin to now."

"Mr. Wiggins alive still?" I inquired.

"Alive? I should think so. Are you going to take a turn outside?"

We went forth into the dark and quiet streets. Mulling seemed, indeed, to have struggled with a torpid recollection, and now at length to have recovered a faint semblance of his bygone cordiality.

"My word, but it does seem a long time ago," he resumed, walking close to my side. "I've been living here ever since."

"Have you? Yet you didn't seem fond of the old town."



THE REFLOATING OF THE DAUNT'S ROCK LIGHT-SHIP "PUFFIN," AFTER TEN MONTHS' SUBMERSION IN THE ATLANTIC.—[S. "OUR LITTLE FAIRIES"]

From a Sketch by the Rev. William C. Bourchier, R.N.

"Ah, I shall stay in the old town a bit. It's a dead-alive sort of place, but—I'm in no hurry, you see."

On the morrow, about midday, I was entering by the old Abbey gate, when I met a family party coming forth: it consisted of Mulling, the obese Wiggins, a young woman dressed for display, and two little children. Mulling must have seen me, but he pretended not to do so, averting his face as I approached. My interest in Mr. Wiggins was satisfied with a glance; his rubicund nose and fishy eyes merely confirmed the impression I had already received of him. But at the young woman, by whose side Mulling walked, I ventured a longer look. She had a warm complexion, and sharp, all but comely features, with eyes and lips which told of a character lacking neither in shrewdness nor decision. The excellent health manifest in her face and carriage she had evidently transmitted to her children, bouncing, ruddy youngsters, who, like their mother, seemed to be attired in honour of a special occasion. I walked on in the pleasant frame of mind which results from contact with a humorous situation. The full extent of its humorous possibilities was not then revealed to me. That evening I left Bury, with no thought of ever returning, and just as little expectation that I should ever again encounter my boastful acquaintance.

It came to pass, however, that, after a lapse of three years, a friend of mine much engaged upon monastic history took me with him on one of his studious journeys,

him. Had he, after all, taken up his abode at Bury? It was the last thing I should have expected of him. However and wherever he had been living, he was greatly changed; the former sprightliness had given place to a sluggish or melancholy habit. I could not detect in him the least possibility of such loquacious exuberance as characterised the man on that earlier occasion. But I have rather a good memory for faces, and I felt sure I was not mistaken.

In half an hour's time there came the opportunity for which I waited. I stepped towards the silent man, drew a chair into convenient position, and, having caused him to look at me, spoke a word or two. He was puzzled. I had to remind him of various circumstances before he could remember how and when we had met.

"Yes," he exclaimed at length, "it do come back to me! The day I came down—yes—I remember now."

He was going to say, "The day I came down to see Wiggins," but his voice seemed to fail, and his eyes wandered sheepishly. I noticed that his phrases, his accent, had a local rusticity, instead of the glib London strain in which he had formerly spoken.

"Down again for a day or two?" I asked.

"Same as yourself, I suppose?" was his reply, evasively given.

I had no choice but to withdraw. Mr. Mulling was not in communicative mood; probably had outgrown the foible of unobtrusiveness to strangers. But I did not leave

"Why, I got married."

He jerked out a laugh. Immediately I saw Mulling and his affairs in a clearer light; I connected past and present; but for delicacy I, too, should have laughed.

"Yes, I married the old man's daughter. Didn't I tell you about her at the time?"

"I think I saw the lady. Handsome—fine complexion—tall—"

"Yes, yes," he quavered; "we were married less than six months after I came down to see the old man. Who'd have thought it! I'm sure I never dreamt of such a thing! She was a widow with two children. There's another now. We all live together—the old gentleman has retired—and, of course, I gave up business. My wife didn't want to leave Bury—said she couldn't make herself at home anywhere else. Queer go, wasn't it?"

I discovered a harmless phrase.

"Well, I was born here, and I suppose I shall die here. Don't matter much where you live—what do you think?"

"You run up to London now and then, no doubt?"

"Ye—es. Oh—of course—now and then. But I somehow don't seem to care much. Well, I must be getting home. Good-night to you, good-night!"

He waved his arm, and went off into the darkness. I, for my part, paced awhile in front of the hotel, smiling at what I had learnt, and at what I surmised. But on the whole I felt sorry for Mulling.

THE END.



1. The Orskai Country: View from Lakkar on the Samara Range, looking towards Rajgarh. 2. Sartop Fort. 3. Lockhart Fort. 4. Fort Kohat, from Kohat Pass, with Kurram River in the Distance.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.

From Photographs supplied by Colonel Le Mesurier, R.E.

THE DIFFICULTY IN THE KHYBER PASS.

As the Khyber is now wholly occupied by the Afridis, a few notes about it by one who has passed, and repassed, through it may be of interest. Jamrud is about ten miles from Peshawar, the road passing over a plain the whole way. Jamrud was first converted into a fort by Hari Singh, so as to command the eastern entrance of the pass, from which it is separated some distance. On first reaching the hills the road ascends a valley, which leads up to the Shaggai Heights, where the fort of Ali Musjid is first seen over the top of an intervening rocky ridge. The road then descends to the small stream of the Khyber, and following it, on turning to the right, the valley opens up to view, and the true position of Ali Musjid is understood. It stands on a high detached hill, but with much higher hills round it, the steep, rocky sides of which form a narrow gorge, which is overlooked by the fort. This forms the grandest and most interesting point in the Khyber. Low down close to the bank of the stream is the Musjid, from which the name of the place is derived.



A KHYBER AFRIDI.

After entering the gorge, the steep hills on each side continue for some distance, till the village of Kata Khusta is reached, when the glen opens up; and shortly afterwards, on turning to the left, a wide open valley appears. Here there is a village, but the striking feature is at Ishpola, where an old Buddhist tope crowns a projecting cliff, with the remains of a monastery behind it. As the dome of this monument remains fairly entire, it has a fine effect on the landscape. The line of the road is here towards the west,



THE CHURCH, PESHAWAR.

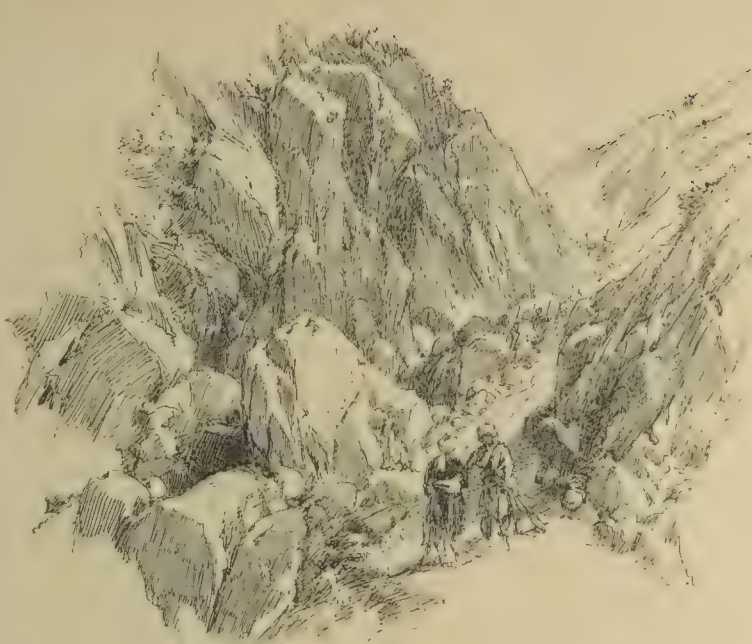
where Lundi Kotal is reached. There is a rocky gorge at this place, but it cannot be compared with the one at Ali Musjid. After that the road descends into a wide valley, which continues till Dakka is reached; this is an Afghan fort, situated on a small plain, along which the Kabul River flows; the town of Lalpura, in the Mohmand country, being on the opposite bank. It will be understood from this that the Khyber is not one pass, but a succession of passes, with valleys and kotals, the whole extending over a distance of something like thirty miles. It is a locality just suited for wild robber gangs, and many a murder and robbery has been perpetrated in it. Every foot of the ground might be defended, if those defending it were properly organised and led by brave men. Our troops have forced the pass more than once in the past, and they will have to force it again, but it would not be wise to make the attempt till a sufficient army has been brought together to make

remained in their hands till the second Afghan War, that began in 1878. Doubts then existed about Shere Ali Khan's policy, from his intriguing with the Russians, and Sir Neville Chamberlain, accompanied by Cavagnari, was sent to him on a mission to learn what his future policy and position was to be. On reaching the village of Lal Cheena, Faiz Mahomed Khan, who was then Governor of Ali Musjid, came out and ordered Sir Neville and his Mission to return. This high-handed proceeding, which was a breaking-up of official connection, and, at the same time, of all friendly relations, was followed by an ultimatum from the Indian Government, that if Shere Ali Khan did not communicate with it by the 20th of November, his country would be invaded by our soldiers. Three separate armies were organised, one to move on Kandahar; the other by the Kuram Valley this column was under the command of Lord Roberts—and the column under General Sir Samuel Browne was to enter the Khyber. This last force was gathered together at Jamrud, where it was all ready to move, if no reply should come before the date mentioned. The 20th of November came and brought no answer from Shere Ali; so early next morning the Khyber was entered, and as soon as the Shaggai Heights were reached, from which Ali Musjid could be seen, Sir Samuel opened the ball with his artillery upon it. The hills all round were covered with *sanghas*—that is, trenches and rifle-pits formed of stone—and the whole formed a very strong position. While the artillery played upon the fort, the infantry moved forward, finding as much cover as they could from rocks and hollows. The fighting went on all day till the sun went down, and the action had to cease with the darkness. No tents or baggage could possibly come upon the ground, and everyone had to make his bed where he found himself, and if he had not a crust of bread in his pocket, there was no means of finding anything to eat. Mr. William Simpson, who was there as Special Artist for *The Illustrated London News*, sent home a sketch which appeared at the time, showing how he, with Archibald Forbes and Phil Robinson, passed the night—the hard, stony ground below, and little more than the stars above them as a coverlet. While the attack in front took place during the day, a flank movement had been going on which brought a detachment, including the 4th Goorkhas, into the Khyber in rear of Ali Musjid, and caused the defenders to evacuate the fort during the night. This was discovered early in the morning, when it was entered by Sir Samuel Browne and occupied by British troops.

The word "Mosque" is understood to be a Frankish form of *Musjid* or *Masjid*, a Mohammedan place of worship; and those not familiar with the term may perhaps wish to know, if Ali Musjid is a place of worship, how it can be a "fort." The explanation is that there is both a fort and

as Special Artist for *The Illustrated London News*, sent home a sketch which appeared at the time, showing how he, with Archibald Forbes and Phil Robinson, passed the night—the hard, stony ground below, and little more than the stars above them as a coverlet. While the attack in front took place during the day, a flank movement had been going on which brought a detachment, including the 4th Goorkhas, into the Khyber in rear of Ali Musjid, and caused the defenders to evacuate the fort during the night. This was discovered early in the morning, when it was entered by Sir Samuel Browne and occupied by British troops.

The word "Mosque" is understood to be a Frankish form of *Musjid* or *Masjid*, a Mohammedan place of worship; and those not familiar with the term may perhaps wish to know, if Ali Musjid is a place of worship, how it can be a "fort." The explanation is that there is both a fort and



LUNDI KOTAL, IN THE KHYBER.

man is concerned. The legend is known as "Hazret Ali and Bul Shinwaur, the Giantess of the Khyber." Ali, according to the tale, was on his way to Mekkah; he had come down by Ningualhar, or Jelalabad, and



A PIR, OR MOHAMMEDAN FANATIC.

entered the Khyber at the Lundi Kotal end, when a dwarf warned him of the great giantess, Bul Shinwaur, who was at the other end of the pass, and that she would be sure to devour him, as she had done others. Ali, the "Lion of God," was not frightened, but went on, and not only conquered the giantess, but converted her to Islam. It was in honour of this triumph that Ali thought fit to

pray, and there is a small building that marks the spot immediately underneath the fort. This is the Musjid of Ali. The fort stands upon an almost perpendicular rock, and some of its walls are much older than the time of Ali; this fact is derived from some of the masonry, which belongs to the Buddhist period, and the place has evidently been at one time a Buddhist Vihara or monastery. There are many places of the same kind in the locality. Jamrud was an old ruined Buddhist tope



THE FORT, PESHAWAR.

sure of every move that has to be accomplished in such a work.

Ali Musjid in the Khyber was first selected as a fortified post by Dost Mahomed Khan when the Sikhs established themselves at Jamrud. After the first Afghan War the place reverted to the Kabul authorities, and

a musjid at the place. The name of the latter is based on a legend of Ali, about whom there are many to be found scattered over Afghanistan and Persia, in which he, his horse Duldul, and his sword Zulfagar, figure. Of course, Ali never was in either Persia or Afghanistan, but that counts for little among ardent believers when a holy

before Hari Singh—in Runjit Singh's time—converted it into a fort. As there is a considerable tribe located towards the west end of the Khyber called the Shinwaris, evidently the same name that the giantess bore, it is probable that the legend of Ali Musjid may have had some relation to the first conversion to the faith of the Prophet.

WILLIAM SIMPSON.

A BICYCLE GYMKHANA.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Experience teaches me that there is no such place on earth as an absolutely quiet seaside spot where nothing whatsoever is done save dreaming, dozing, idling in the most shameless fashion, and sprawling all day long on sand or shingle, playing with a dog or a child, and pitching stones at a mark in the indolent sea. I thought I had discovered such an ideal resting-place, and there I determined to pitch my tent in silent solitude. But from the dream of the lotus-land I was soon rudely awakened.

Everything favoured the supreme delight of summer idleness. We had no band, no pier, no library, no entertainment or minstrels. At a ragged end of our deserted village there were one or two gipsy caravans, a decrepit roundabout, and a wheezy organ getting ready for a regatta that was to be held, some day, miles in the distance. It was the most primitive and delightful spot. When I strolled in the lovely morning sunshine to be shaved at the only barber's shop, it was no unusual thing to have for my companion on the left a comely girl whose face was tantalisingly hidden in red ripples of tresses, submitting to the refreshing process of a shampoo, or to hear a feminine titter or chuckle from a sunburnt maiden who was having her hair cut, and who found it evidently vastly amusing to watch me disguised with white lather, as I gave particular orders to the youth carefully to avoid the hillocks created by mosquito-bites—for, disbelieve it not, we have mosquitos in swarms at our tiny seaside village.

But quiet, restful, and Eden-like as we all were, necessity and loyalty insisted that we should have at least two things at our seaside paradise. The first was an extremely comfortable hotel; the second was an unutterably ugly Jubilee Hall. The combination of that "inn of strange meetings" and that fatal temptation to the concert-singer, the skirt-dancer, the pianoforte-player, and—ah, me!—the reciter of poems whose platform has hitherto been the family hearthrug, destroyed the bliss of our maritime Eden for evermore. You see, it all arose in this way. At a seaside village, where lodgings are few and insignificant, and where the inn is unquestionably comfortable, it follows as a matter of course that friendships and acquaintances are made, and that those who were strangers yesterday are the dearest of "pals" to-day. With a splendid stretch of heather-land turned into superb golf-links not a quarter of a mile from the sea, with a noble and even path for a couple of good leagues uninterrupted by traffic of any kind, seized upon with avidity by the "bikists," with table d'hôte meals and general conversation, a man must be a Trappist, and a woman a saint, to keep silence amid such an attraction of pretty women, intellectual men, athletes and sweet girl graduates, public schoolboys and University scholars, who mingled their good humour, robust health, and varied experiences. The inevitable soon arose. I noticed one day from my cosy corner of the beach that the boys and girls on their bikes, instead of careering along, or scorching away at express speed, careless of the lives of innocent babies and astonished dogs, became not isolated but coupled. They joined hand in hand and revolved about the beach, as calmly and fantastically as if they were enjoying a bicycle minuet. I thought that the girls were stark staring mad, for they started off pell-mell and then suddenly put up a parasol, went another hundred yards, took it down again, up and down, up and down, parasols and bikes, the machines meanwhile being deftly governed by one hand or only by the feet. One morning, to my surprise, I saw a youth issue from the hotel long before midday laden with champagne bottles—all empty—which he proceeded to arrange in symmetrical order on the bike promenade, whereupon the most skilful practised the art of driving the bike in and out of the golden bottles, the aim being not to overturn one. Sometimes they varied the champagne bottles with carrots, turnips, and apples, mounting and dismounting with incredible speed, picking up the vegetables, and conveying them home as quickly as they could in hand-baskets. Atlanta competed for prowess with Nausicaa. Then they took to trundling hoops and amusing themselves with sponge-cakes and such like trifles. Then again they tilted at rings like

the book of Major Walter Wingfield, the popular inventor of lawn-tennis and musical bicycle rides, and was not charity to be called in once more to cover the multitudinous sins of the arch destroyers of seaside peace? O Charity! for what misery are you not accountable? What dismal concerts! what ghastly readings and recitations! what astounding amateur theatricals have I not endured, lured thereto by the beckoning finger of Miss Caritas! There was no longer any doubt about it. We were to have a Bicycle Gymkhana and no mistake this time.

In order to prolong our agony, it was decided to have a rehearsal of the gymkhana, as well as the regular entertainment. Like children, they wanted to "do it all over

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

As might have been expected, the religious papers have paid great attention to Mr. Hall Caine's novel, "The Christian." Their verdict, as might perhaps also have been expected, is exceedingly unfavourable. The *Guardian* pronounces "The Christian" "an absurdly incoherent and futile book." Of John Storn, it says that "from first to last he is a reed shaken by the wind; a man vacillating between a hopeless passion for an inaccessible woman and a desire to consecrate his life to the single service of God." Glory Quayle is described as detestable, offensively vulgar, flippant, and profane, but a fine animal, full of life and energy and egotism. "No one who has followed Glory's



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: MAP ILLUSTRATING THE DISTURBED DISTRICT.

again." The rehearsal took place in a lovely glade of a delightful park—in fact, on one of the most picturesque cricket grounds in all England. I think on the whole that the best thing at the rehearsal was the tea in the tent. Those gross and shrimp sandwiches, made of farm-house home-made bread, are never to be forgotten; the lady waitresses were most charming and attentive; and I believe the Women's Mission, for something or other, cleared about ten or fifteen pounds by that bicycle tea in the tent.

The real gymkhana, when the practice and the preparation were perfected, took place nearer home, on a playing-field. The picture was not so pretty, but experience had brought its salutary lesson. The tea was not so good, because the boiler broke down, and the hot water had to be conveyed up to the ground in relays of buckets. But the fire of the tea-drinkers was promptly extinguished just in time. Otherwise the cause of total abstinence would have experienced a fearful shock.

The gymkhana was, alas! a bad precedent. The amateurs of our seaside village have tasted blood; their souls are in arms, and still they are eager for the fray. This morning, on my way from the barber to the beach, I heard unaccustomed sounds from the open portals of the Jubilee Hall. Before eleven o'clock they were hard at it, from the immortal melody of "Who is Sylvia?" to the latest jingle from the *répertoire* of Gus Elen or Marie Lloyd. We are to have a concert this time.

Listen here! I have discovered another seaside village four miles off that contains no hotel and no Jubilee Hall. It boasts one inn, one dear, delightful, lavender-scented inn, and only two cottages and a coastguard station, where there is a telegraph-office. The post-box is in a granite wall within five yards of an isolated beach. It reminds me of Poppyland before the poppies were plucked, and the Garden of Sleep before it got the nightmare. I think I will go there! But I have sworn a mighty oath to the Lady of the Manor, who looks upon me with eyes of grave suspicion and distrust, that I will not divulge the name of this new paradise under pain of a dismissal more awful than that of Adam and Eve from Paradise. My lips are sealed, and no one shall for the present know the whereabouts of these "jasmine-muffled lattices," from which, please God, I shall soon see the Harvest and the Fisherman's Moon!

carcer can believe that she will remain faithful to the memory of Storn for a day after the excitement of his downfall and death has passed away."

The Bishop of Durham has issued a letter to his clergy and laity, in which he intimates that he has to take two months' rest, and urges the resolute avoidance of cheap bargains, which too often represent sweated labour. He says that in many cases sellers and buyers have successfully combined, with the happiest results, to secure fair treatment for the workers, and that such an arrangement is capable of wide extension.

In view of the coming School Board election in London, Churchmen seem to be willing to go back to the compromise of 1871, and to make terms with the Nonconformists. If measures are taken to make sure that every teacher who gives religious instruction shall teach the doctrines held in common by Anglicans, Roman Catholics, and Nonconformists, any thought of introducing specific Anglican teaching into the Board Schools of London—any wish that the religious instruction given in them should be such as could offend a Presbyterian, a Wesleyan, a Congregationalist, or a Baptist—is disclaimed. It is a pity that this was not stated before. It would certainly have prevented a great deal of confusion.

There has been another attempt to sell the goods of Morecambe Nonconformists for not paying the Vicar of Lancaster's tithes. Considerable excitement prevailed, but with the exception of one lot the sale was boycotted, the bailiff acting as auctioneer being subjected to continual jeering and hooting by the crowd.

A summer school for theology has been held under the auspices of certain members of the Society of Friends at Scarborough. The teaching was of an advanced kind, one gentleman going so far as to say that it was a positive sin to believe in the literal truth of the Book of Jonah.

The Bishop of St. Asaph is to be petitioned to allow the establishment of a diocesan board of patronage, such board to consist of one clergyman and communicant laymen from each rural deanery, elected for that purpose under the presidency of the Bishop.

The Venerable Dr. Martineau, who is staying in the Highlands, took part with several Free Church ministers in a meeting connected with the Y.M.C.A.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: MAP ILLUSTRATING THE TOCHI VALLEY ADVANCE.

medieval Ivanhoes, and practised the art of riding so slowly by that the tortoise would have given them a mile and a beating. At last the welcome truth dawned upon me. Could they all be practising for what is called a "Bicycle Gymkhana"? Had they taken a leaf out of

PRESIDENT FAURE'S VISIT TO RUSSIA.

The overflowing goodwill which characterised M. Faure's Russian reception, and which was signalled by the affectionate embrace with which the Czar bade his guest farewell, found its counterpart in the heartiness with which France welcomed her chief magistrate on his return. On Aug. 31 the President was received at Dunkirk by M. Méline, the Premier; General Billot, Minister of War; and Admiral Besnard, Minister of Marine. At the moment when he stepped once more on French soil (to borrow his own phrase) M. Faure addressed to the Czar a telegram of thanks, to which his Majesty replied within an hour.

At Dunkirk M. Faure visited the Chamber of Commerce and the hospital, after which he was entertained by the municipality. Of course the "Alliance" was the theme of the hour, and in reply to the toast of his health, M. Faure alluded to the intimate union of two great nations as one of the most striking events of the close of the century. At half-past one M. Faure drove to the railway-station, receiving an ovation all along the route. Paris was reached shortly after six o'clock, and the President found the gay city at her gayest. Decorations were everywhere, and crowds, immense and enthusiastic, gave the President so royal a welcome that it recalled the Czar's visit to Paris. From the Gare du Nord M. Faure drove to the Elysée. A few minutes before the President passed the Madeleine, the now indispensable bomb exploded. The machine turned out to be a very harmless affair, the work evidently of a lunatic, who may, after all, have been actuated by a benevolent desire to increase the din of welcome. This incident did not cloud the President's happiness. On the contrary, it gave him an opportunity for a *bon mot*. Referring to the fact that during the Czar's visit the inevitable bomb exploded a quarter of an hour too late, while now it was too early: "There



M. FAURE EMBRACING THE CZAR UPON HIS DEPARTURE.

Drawn by L. Subatier, Special Artist of "L'Illustration."

seems a lack of punctuality," said M. Faure.

Paris, jubilant over her returned chief and the notable work he had accomplished, made very merry in the evening. The President entertained all the Ministers at the Elysée. In all the boulevards crowds were singing and dancing, while everywhere resounded shouts of "Vive la France!" "Vive l'Alliance!" and "Vive la Russie!" On all sides, too, were heard the "Marseillaise" and the Russian Hymn. The fête was observed in all the chief towns of France. Algiers also participated in the general rejoicing. In Paris a gala performance was given at the Opéra, at the close of which a band of 150 enthusiasts, with flags, left the building and marched towards the Elysée, shouting "Down with William!" Their indiscreet choice of a watchword landed them in trouble with the police, who, after a scuffle, dispersed the company and made two arrests. The prisoners, as might be expected, were young men. No doubt they were representative of the assembly.

On Sept. 1 M. Faure sought rest from his pleasant toil and proceeded to his villa at Havre. At Rouen he had an enthusiastic greeting. The same day the Franco-Russian Alliance was notified to all the European Governments by the Russian Ambassadors and *Chargés d'Affaires* in the various capitals. The notification insists on the entirely pacific character of the Alliance. Among our illustrations this week we give a picture of the laying of the first stone of the Troitsky Bridge at St. Petersburg, at which M. Faure assisted. On this occasion a curious incident occurred. After the Czar had kissed the cross, which the Metropolitan, Mgr. Palladius, presented, his Majesty asked M. Faure if he would do the same. The Metropolitan, however, hastily withdrew the sacred emblem without waiting for the President's reply. It is surmised that he had not quite grasped the situation.



LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE TROITSKY BRIDGE: THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY.

Drawn by G. Amato, Special Artist of "L'Illustration."



THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES IN SUSSEX: THE 3RD HUSSARS CAPTURING A BATTERY OF HORSE ARTILLERY ON BURTON DOWN.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.I.

The escort to the guns, consisting of a troop of the 1st Royal Dragoons, received the charge standing still, and were therefore put out of action.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

With the Turkish Army in Thessaly. By Clive Bigham. (Macmillan.)
War and a Wheel: The Green-Turkish War as Seen from a Bicycle. By Wilfred Pollock. (Chatto and Windus.)
The Stepmother: A Tale of Modern Athens. By Gregory Xenopoulos. Translated into English by Mrs. Edmonds. (John Lane.)
The Curse of Cowden. By Annie S. Swan. (Hutchinson.)
A Rich Man's Daughter. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. (F. V. White.)
The Mutable Man. By Robert Barr. (Methuen.)
The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore. By Hal Godfrey. (Jarrold.)
The Paper Boat. By "Palinurus." (James Bowden.)
Lessons on Literary Art. By Hiram M. Stanley. (Swan Sonnenschein.)
The New Culture: or Travels in Athens. By Charles T. Druey, F.R.S. (The Roxburghe Press.)
Book of Dreams and Ghosts. By Andrew Lang. (Longmans.)

Mr. Clive Bigham, as the *Times*' correspondent "With the Turkish Army in Thessaly," is naturally and enthusiastically pro-Turkish; but his extremely interesting narrative of the war is probably as impartial as we could reasonably expect. He thought the Turkish officers for the most part inefficient, and their tactics cumbersome and leisurely, but his admiration of the men is inexpressible. "The Turk, unless ordered, is incapable of running away, and when he has got an order he will observe it *à tout prix*. His courage and calm and silent advance beggar description, and there is little doubt that when the Turkish army is really trained up to a high European standard it will be invincible." The Greeks, on the other hand, according to Mr. Clive Bigham, were brave only behind entrenchments. "Their shooting and drill," he adds in odd English, "if a little more superficial, was not really much better than that of the Turks." Like everyone else, Mr. Clive Bigham is at an utter loss to understand why the Greek fleet was allowed to remain practically useless during the whole war. Perhaps the most significant thing in the book is its account of the strides Germany has made commercially and politically in Turkey. German prestige seems to have quite occulted there that of England and of Russia. When Mr. Clive Bigham asked in astonishment why the guard was turned out to receive him, he was told it was due to the officer's mistaking him for a German. "The whole war was very considerably utilised by the Germans to push forward their commerce, and to a great extent they stepped into the places evacuated by the Greek traders in Constantinople and the Levant. Several of the railways are already in the hands of German companies, and the army will now become more German than ever; so that, unless some opposition is made, we may really lose what foothold, political or commercial, we still have in Turkey."

Mr. Wilfred Pollock, the correspondent of the *Morning Post* with the Greek army in Thessaly, has not a good word to say for any officer except General Sinolenski, or any soldiers except the Ezyon mountaineers, who, however, were worthless as the rest when once outside the shelter of their breastworks. Anything more pitiful than the behaviour of all the other Greek troops and of their commander, the Crown Prince, cannot be imagined, according to Mr. Pollock. His bright and interesting little book, however, is, as its title suggests—"War and a Wheel"—more devoted to the praise of a bicycle, as the ideal mount for a war correspondent, than to the abuse of the Greeks. Certainly his "Raleigh" did him yeoman service, but he owed yet more to fortune that secured him miraculously against a puncture while riding at night with racing tyres such distances on such roads. Mr. Pollock must forgive us for suspecting him to be a fellow-countryman of the Irishman whose patriotic "prate" he so scorned. "These turned out to be carts," he writes, "containing scores of wounded, a few of whom one could perceive in the moonlight to be already dead."

Apocryphal of Greece, we have just read with languid interest a primitive Greek novel, "The Stepmother," written to discountenance early marriages on the preposterous ground that a widower's son may become his rival! M. Xenopoulos prepares us for this moral in his preface, but he hardly prepares us for the hero's application of it to himself in his indirect confession of his love for his stepmother. The lady, in trying to extort this confession, urges him to marry: "But thine own father was as young when he married." "I have him before me now," he replies. "I speak of him. I realise in myself all the evils and painful results of that early marriage. Dost thou think I should be so unhappy if my father had not married so young?" The Greeks must, indeed, be a provident people if each youth in that country asks himself before proposing, "What if my angel should die young, leaving a son who should be my rival with her successor?"

The moral of the second marriage, on which the plot of Miss Annie S. Swan's "Curse of Cowden" turns, is much more practical—do not buy a pig in a poke. A Scotch laird with a grown-up son marries in haste an adventuress to repent bitterly of his sudden insanity at leisure. His son, fortunately, knocks against a Colgairdie his stepmother's first husband, and so delivers his father and himself from the curse of Cowden. It is a slight tale told with some power.

In Mrs. Riddell's "A Rich Man's Daughter" it is an adventurer, married in haste by the heroine, who stops the way of the course of loyal love. A pessimist doctor, who in all creation sees but one thing that is good—himself—marries secretly for her money the rich man's daughter, who preferred him to the hero, probably for the reason that Guinevere preferred Lancelot to Arthur—

He is all fault that hath no fault at all,
 Who loves me must have a touch of earth;
 The low sun makes the colour.

He is, in truth, intolerably good, and the only point in which we sympathise with the shifty and feeble heroine is in her appreciation of him. The doctor, naturally impatient of his wife's reluctance to make their marriage public, goes to seek his fortune in India, leaving the heroine in a condition which will tell soon the tale she dare not tell in words. Her confinement, her father's ruin, and

the death of her husband by cholera, all happen with dramatic simultaneity, and all give the hero opportunities for the display of such magnanimity as wins him at last the heroine's heart. In spite of the faintness of our sympathy with hero and heroine, we found "A Rich Man's Daughter" fairly interesting.

The love interest of Mr. Robert Barr's "The Mutable Man" is far deeper, though it is a mere episode in a story—a very powerful story—of a labour struggle. In the desperate struggle between the heroine's father, as representing the masters, and her lover, as representing the men, she is herself but an incidental factor. At a crisis in the strike she makes a vain attempt, by the offer of her hand, to bribe the hero in order to shake his loyalty to his fellow-workers, who, however, have no hesitation in throwing him over. The moral of the story is conveyed by its title, and for that matter by the word "mob"—mobile *raïgue*—namely, that you can no more put your trust in working-men than in princes. It is an engrossingly interesting story, lightened by the introduction of a humorous caricature—Barney Hope, an execrable artist, who takes himself, and gets at last the great English and American public to take him, for a modern Raphael. The pathos of the sudden deaths of the two humble lovers, Langly and Jessie Braunt, is not led up to sufficiently to have its full effect.

The extravagant humour of a delightful fantasy, "The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore," has its pathetic side, since the embarrassment of the helpless younger sister with the compromising baby, into which an excessive dose of the water of youth had transformed her elder, becomes tragic. The two old maids invest together in one thousand pounds' worth of the water of youth, having first assured themselves of its efficacy by a successful experiment with it upon their dog. The elder, having in her nervousness broken the bottle accidentally, drinks all she can save of the precious elixir, and so by an overdose returns to babyhood. Thus the younger sister finds herself with an unaccountable baby on her hands in a boarding-house infested with the most venomous women. She succeeds, after the most distressing adventures, in smuggling the baby out of the house and into the charge of "good Mrs. Brown," who, however, turns out to be a baby-farmer of the most murderous type; and the exposure of her iniquities in the police-court involves the hapless spinster's appearance there as the mother of one of the rescued children! The preposterous tale she tells in the witness-box convinces everyone of her insanity, but she is saved from Broadmoor by the mushroom-like growth in the court of the rejuvenated Miss Semaphore. Mr. Hal Godfrey needed all the skill he shows to make his most amusing and interesting fantasy credible.

The yacht-races in "Palinurus" "Paper Boat" are admirably described, but its most ambitious tale, "The Voyage of the *Florette*," is somewhat anaesthetic and improbable. A little carelessness, too, in the correction of the proofs confuses the families of the hero and the heroine together, to the reader's temporary bewilderment.

We cannot say much for Mr. Hiram M. Stanley's "Essays on Literary Art," which seem to us somewhat wooden and unimaginative. In his essay, for instance, on "The Secret of Style," he thus quotes probably the best-known line in Wordsworth: "The light which never was on sea or land," and thus comments upon it: "This is really meaningless, since all our light impressions are terrestrial in their nature."

We remember once having been much struck by a paper of Mr. Grant Allen's suggesting a beetle's idea of the gigantic tropical forest which to us seemed a meadow. To a like inspiration we owe Mr. Charles Druey's "The New Gulliver," a narrative of the impressions and adventures of a man reduced to the size of an insect, and running, therefore, the fearful gauntlet that an insect runs every hour. The interest of the narrative—and it is really very interesting—is marred occasionally by Mr. Druey's use of technical names for his plants and animals and by his forced and clumsy facetiousness.

Mr. Lang's book declares its purpose to be the entertainment of people interested in the kind of narratives it contains. By putting this in the forefront of his volume Mr. Lang undoubtedly scores; for besides capturing the many that love a story because it is a story, and not because it proves anything, he disarms the scientific readers who would begin its perusal with angry scorn did he advertise his conversion to a belief in ghosts on the strength of the wonders to follow. Those hard-headed sceptical persons will read to scoff; but they will find themselves scoffing in Mr. Lang's company so often that they may possibly catch something of his cautious tone. Of course, his late researches in the ghost domain described in his "Cock Lane and Common Sense" and this book may be put down as evidence of belief; but it is difficult to class Mr. Lang anywhere among the sceptics or among the believers. In his own words, he is "agreeably perplexed." He has many a gibe for the scientific scoffer, who is so for lack of some mental faculty or from dullness of perception; but he himself anticipates every difficulty, and spots the ridiculous features in the tales with unerring quickness. The book had best be taken as one takes his yearly Christmas volumes—the Blue, Red, or Yellow fairy books—as an excellent collection of stories. Their probability or improbability, the wonder of them, and the sceptical comments of the editor, may be trusted to work their proper effect.

The stories are not all good, of course. There are, however, rather less than the usual number of those terribly prosaic, purposeless ones to be met with in all modern books that treat the subject seriously—of which that of the bishop's wife who dreamt of the pig in the palace dining-room, where it was actually found next morning, is typical. The greater number of ghost and dream tales come either from persons devoid of any sense of humour, or mentally deficient. The more gifted seers are apt to keep silent for false shame, or because they

have found a satisfactory natural explanation, or else their imagination and their dramatic sense run away with them, and their stories are only splendid lies. So that the authenticated tales of visitations from the spirit world do not seem likely to swell very high the matter from which poetry is made. Perhaps the most substantial service rendered by this "Book of Dreams and Ghosts" is the investigation of the best and the most famous stories, the Ticonderoga one (which Stevenson put into verse), that of the Beresford ghost, of the foretelling of the Perceval murder, and some well-known others. The most reliable of the many varying versions are given, but the mystery does not all vanish. There are new tales, too, of Highland ghosts, and homely suburban ghosts, of Icelandic ghosts (not merely out of the Sagas, but modern as well), indicating that common amount of curiosity, that dogged energy of research, of the strong will to believe and the incapacity for ready credence, all so characteristic of Mr. Lang's work and methods. The cold wind of common sense that blows round the tales does not chill and kill their wonders.

A LITERARY LETTER.

In reference to my regrets, expressed a week or two ago, at the abandonment of the three-volume novel, so mourned for by the unhappy people whose eyesight is no longer what it was, I ought to have acknowledged the fact that one of our most distinguished firms, Messrs. Bentley, still continues to publish some well printed two-volume novels. Within the last few days I have received three such novels—"A Rash Verdict," by Leslie Keith; "On the Knees of the Gods," by A. F. P. Harcourt; and "Stapleton's Luck," by Margery Hollis—which would seem to prove that the two-volume novel is not to be extinguished. Many of the best novels of our most popular writers have, it may be remembered, appeared in two volumes. "Far from the Madding Crowd," by Thomas Hardy, "The Tragic Comedians," by George Meredith, and "John Inglesant" were all in that form.

Mr. Gilbert Burgess, who has written some very pretty short stories, and is well known as the musical critic of one of our leading daily journals, has nearly finished a long novel, which will bear the title "Mine Own Familiar."

The *Saturday Review* has published a very amusing article on Mr. Balfour as a literary critic. The article is clever and well informed, whether one agrees with its point of view or not. The point of view is that Mr. Balfour is a great politician, but not a man of letters, and that Lord Rosebery is essentially a capable man of letters, but not a politician. One point, however, in the article I am disposed strongly to call in question: it is that it is "rank blasphemy to place Scott with the three greatest novelists, Balzac, Defoe, and Tourgenief." In his own line Scott was just as great as any one of these three—if, indeed, one can speak of Defoe, who lives now mainly by "Robinson Crusoe," as a great novelist. "Robinson Crusoe" is not a novel in any right use of the word. Still more may one call in question the *Saturday Review*'s assertion that Scott's reputation is on the wane. His books are still being sold in thousands, and are being read by adults as well as by young people. Within the next two months we shall see the reissue of three new editions of Scott, from three separate publishers, and this kind of thing has been going on as long as I can remember. There is really nothing analogous to it in our literature, outside of Shakespeare, this continuous popularity for eighty years; and if there be people, like the *Saturday Review*, who find Scott unreadable now, perhaps that is only due, as Mr. Andrew Lang assures us, to the fact that their taste has been vitiated by second-rate fiction, of which we have such an abundance to-day.

Of Messrs. Dent and Co.'s new edition of Scott's novels, for example, which is to be published in forty-eight volumes, commencing on Oct. 25, some thousands, I understand, of the sets have been taken up for the American market by Messrs. Scribner, of New York.

A glance at the catalogue of Mr. Walter Spencer, of New Oxford Street, should cheer the heart of the minor poet. Mr. George Meredith's first volume, for example, the "Poems" of '51, which at one time could have been bought for a trifle, is marked eighteen guineas. The poems of "Carrer Bell" and her sisters, of which, with the Aylott and Jones title-page, only twelve copies were sold on publication, is marked fourteen guineas. But, then, it must be remembered that in both these cases the authors obtained their real celebrity by prose. It is impossible to speculate what these two little books, published each of them under five shillings, would be worth to-day if the authors had confined themselves to verse.

From the same catalogue I learn that a complete edition of George Eliot's novels—all first editions—may be obtained for £25; a set of Thomas Hood's first editions, in fifteen volumes, for ten guineas; a set of Charles Lever's first editions for £112. Nine volumes of Robert Louis Stevenson, first editions all of them, with inscriptions to his old nurse, Alison Cunningham, are offered at £75. This set, I have since learned, has been sold to my friend Mr. Williamson, the well-known book-collector of New York. The first publication of Mr. Stevenson, "The Pentland Rising," is marked fifteen guineas. This is a very tiny little book in green paper wrappers, which the casual bookman might any day expect to find in the penny box. On the other hand, so well established a favourite among books as Dickens's "Christmas Carol," with four coloured etchings by John Leech, in its first form, is only marked 3s.

The *Bookman* for September contains an interesting study of Mr. Stevenson's nurse, Alison Cunningham. From it we learn how much Stevenson owed to this lady, who attended him from the time he was eighteen months old, and who told him countless legendary stories and not a few gruesome tales. The article contains many interesting sidelights on one who in his private life must have been one of the most lovable of men. C.K.S.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.



Phot. C. & Co., Dublin

A GROUP AT ADARE MANOR, THE SEAT OF LORD DUNRAVEN.



Photo. C. & Co., Dublin

THE ROYAL BARGE LEAVING QUEEN'S COTTAGE, DERRYUNIHY, ON THE UPPER LAKE OF KILLARNEY.



WITH THE DISTRESSED HOP-PICKERS IN KENT.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

The greatest distress lies in the fact that hops are scarce and pickers cannot find work; consequently, prices for picking are low, and there are an unusual number of would-be hop-pickers tramping about in search of employment.

ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE.

Illustrations from Drawings by Mr. Edward Reper.

Voyagers journeying to the Klondike country must, by steamer large or small, by sailing vessel or canoe, arrive at Scagway Wharf, at the head of the Lynn Canal, from Victoria or Vancouver, or some port in the United States. From Scagway, crossing the White Pass by the road recently opened, they reach Windy Arm of Lake Tagish, the beginning of the waterway to the Yukon. Here they must procure—most probably must build—a boat or scow of some kind to carry them and their belongings on their long journey to the north.

To experienced boat and bush men there is no hardship about this, supposing provisions are plentiful and the clouds of mosquitoes are not too tormenting. But to the inexperienced this trip will at first seem full of wretchedness; yet, after a few days of rowing or sailing through the weird, but frequently very lovely scenery, they will get to take pleasure in it. The night-camps alone, though there is no darkness in the region in summer, are a delightful experience.

After passing down Tagish Lake, and through narrows into Lake Marsh, which is also traversed, the traveller reaches the Lewes River, down which the course lies, until, at 123 miles from Scagway Wharf, the first really serious obstacle occurs. This is the Miles, or Grand Cañon. It is but five-eighths of a mile through, with an average width of 100 ft., yet as the river is about 250 yards across where it enters, the water pours through this narrow gorge with terrible force. Skilled boatmen may, however, shoot this cañon with safety, though not without an element of risk. All boats must either go through it or be portaged, and the latter course is an arduous undertaking. Most crews at least lighten their cargoes, and send their goods over the portage for the distance of about one mile. Our picture illustrates this proceeding. It takes three minutes at most for a boat to go through.

Two miles below the gorge, the White Horse Rapids are reached. Being full of sunken reefs and boulders they are dangerous, yet good boats well handled can make the passage safely, until, at a point where there is a strong eddy, it is well to land and



ON THE ROAD TO KLONDIKE: THE MILES, OR GRAND CAÑON.

carry goods and boats across the short portage, for a little distance down there is a place but 90 feet wide, between rocky banks, which is very dangerous, and is not often run. Our illustration shows this spot, with travellers

camped and getting their stuff past this danger. The bad water is about a mile in length. These rapids and Miles Cañon will never be available for steamers until some engineering feats have been performed.



ON THE ROAD TO KLONDIKE: THE WHITE HORSE RAPIDS.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Off with our cotton and cambric blouses, and on with our silken bodices! This must be the order of dress for the early autumnal days, which, alas! grow chilly and ever chillier. Down here by the sea, where I dwell at the immediate moment, the silken blouse is a necessity, even the cambric shirt, when worn beneath a cloth coat, not being sufficient protection against the insidious element which poets and mythologists have combined to dub



A Dainty Tea-Gown.

"rude Boreas." An economical means of still utilising the blue serge skirt is the purchase of the silken blouse of emerald green or deep violet, either of these colours certainly looking its best in combination with dark blue. The violet must not have too much blue in its depths, but shade rather redwards, and the most successful of blouses may be contrived by the industrious amateur, set into innumerable tucks fitting tightly over the shoulders back and front, and pouching a little at the waist; such a style should fasten down the front with jewelled buttons and be completed at the neck with a tie of the same silk worn beneath an elaborately embroidered and hem-stitched lawn collar; it will be found very effective. The best material for such a blouse is sarah, glacé silk, or crêpe de chine. Foulard has many votaries, but it has a tendency to wrinkle at the least drop of rain, but this cannot be justly said of the foulard of the best quality; however, all foulards do not possess such virtue. A remarkably attractive blouse may also be made of velveteen—a fabric more suited to blouses than velvet, being softer and more graceful in its conduct. The golfer—she reigns supreme in my neighbourhood—may add decoratively to the landscape if she choose a tomato-red velveteen bodice, and wear it with a blue, red, or green skirt and small Tam o'Shanter hat of the same material as her skirt; such hat lending itself to excellent effect if trimmed with a couple of velvet choux and two eagle's quills. It is much more comfortable to play golf in a blouse than in a coat, and if velveteen be considered too delicate a material to brave the weather—subject at the moment to severe rain storms—then may red flannel be adapted, and it should be carefully made upon a tight lining well overhanging the belt in the front, and setting tightly in the back, supplied with a white linen collar and a black necktie. Flannel is much more business-like than the velveteen, and, as it is essential that the golfer change her bodice before luncheon, if she wants to eat at ease and with comfort, flannel is, perhaps, the more advisable fabric. Corduroy velveteen is used to make blouses for outdoor wear, and under the simplest aspect the drab corduroy will look nicest with a tweed skirt to match, the decorative note being easily added by jewelled buttons down the front, and a necktie of some pretty colour, turquoise blue, for instance, looks particularly well with drab corduroy. Again, for the golfer, let me cordially recommend the skirt of green plaid and a shirt-shaped bodice of fine green or blue flannel; a red leather belt round the waist, red necktie, and a touch of red in the hat would make the costume most attractive, presuming, of course, that the green plaid has the red line in it; this being the green plaid which I prefer to those which boast the bright yellow stripe, though I confess to an affection for a green and blue plaid with no other colour—the pure 42nd, I mean—and this, by the way, if supplied with the green cloth or cashmere shirt, may well bear the finishing touch of a pale-blue tie. It is more comfortable

to golf in a turn-down collar than with one which turns up tightly round the neck, and the white linen collar known as the Shakspeare should really receive more support than it does at the hand of the fashionable woman athlete.

Besides golf there is much tennis around me, and the costumes for such exercise may vary elegantly. A particularly successful example is a skirt of black and white striped flannel, the black and white being well defined, the stripes being induced to form a vandyke down the front and back seams. The shirt to this is of white pongee, the turned-down collar and the necktie alike being made of the white pongee, and the belt of black suede fastened in the front with an enamelled buckle set round with diamonds, or their equivalent. A French sailor-hat in white with a scarf of white chiffon dotted with black chenille spots, fastening at one side with a bunch of black and white waving quills, and set upon a bandeau covered with scarlet poppies, completes this costume, which is distinctly smart in every detail; and it is wonderful to observe how absolutely tidy its wearer is even after a hot contest, a fact due no doubt to the large hair-net which covers her coiffure entirely, and also to the elastic, which induces her hat to set snugly and to retain that position under the severest pressure of excited runs and enthusiastic jumps.

Another excellent tennis dress, for which I have nothing but admiration, is of dark red serge, the skirt lining, which is well in evidence, being of pale pink glacé silk, the shirt to this being made of glacé silk of the pink again, set into small box pleats finished with a stock collar of white linen and red tie. The small red toque which crowns this is formed of rosettes of shaded red ribbons and a couple of ends setting up at one side. The belt round the waist takes again three sides of the red ribbon. It is quite delightful.

And now let me describe those Illustrations. They undoubtedly deserve such attention. The one represents a costume of black cashmere, the skirt trimmed below the hips with three rows of black velvet ribbon, bordering in vandyke shape a scroll pattern in black silk braid. Beneath this is a deep kilt, higher at the back than in the front. The bodice, which pounces over a narrow belt of velvet, shows again a trimming of velvet ribbon and silk braid, the sleeves being decorated to match. This is an attractive costume, and one which would be suitable for immediate wear.

The other picture is of a dainty tea-gown in heliotrope Oriental satin, with spotted chiffon frills of the same colour on the shoulders fastened down with straps of jewelled trimming. A jewelled belt is round the waist, holding the front of spotted chiffon and heading a frilled basque of the same; while the sleeves open in the front to show the chiffon, which hangs in very long frills over the elbow, where it is caught again with the jewelled trimming. PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Preparations are now beginning for the next election to the London School Board, and it is to be hoped that several ladies will come forward. Their services are much required in the detailed management of several hundreds of female teachers, and the children under their charge. There has never been a very large proportion of lady members on the London School Board, but this is not the fault of the electors, who are generally ready to give a very sympathetic reception to a suitable lady who offers her services. But it is no use for a woman to think that she will be elected by merely putting her name on the paper. The voters must see her at public meetings, and find that she has the power of expressing reasonable and consecutive ideas on educational topics and School Board policy, etc.; and her printed address must be brought under the notice of every ratepayer. Unfortunately, many ladies who would make admirable members of the Board do not feel prepared for this more public work, and seeking the suffrages of a constituency. Moreover, it all costs money; printing, bill-distributing, hire of halls, and the rest of the proceedings needful to appeal to fifty or sixty thousand voters, mount up to a heavy cost. Mr. E. N. Buxton told a Parliamentary Committee that one of his School Board elections cost him £900. Each of my own three elections cost about £150. Even this lower figure very much circumscribes the choice of women candidates. Still, there are plenty of women who could afford it, and who should come forward.

Sir Matthew Ridley has, it appears, decided to give one of the lady factory inspectors a certain jurisdiction over the others, making her chief inspector, but not to renew the power that Mrs. Tennant had as "superintendent-inspector." The latter position, it appears, includes the authority to initiate prosecutions; the various inspectors are only allowed to report as they find wrong, and their superintendent must sanction prosecution. It seems a pity to take away from the women inspectors this power when there is no allegation that it was inadvisably or unwisely used by Mrs. Tennant. It is, nevertheless, possible that the women inspectors left to themselves have been too efficient—that they have, perchance, done their duty more thoroughly than is agreeable to a large class, and though it was their duty, so that they cannot be blamed, they are to be clipped and confined in future. I only say that this is a possible explanation of an action on the part of the Home Secretary that seems to need some justification in the interests of the poor working women whose interests the women factory inspectors are specially designed to serve.

Scholastic honours continue to be achieved by women students. The latest list of London University shows that seven women have taken a place in Classics in the exam. for the M.A. degree as against four men; and that of the three names in the honours division of the intermediate exam. in Medicine, two are the names of students of the London School of Medicine for Women. An open competition for scholarships at the London School of Economic

Science has resulted in the election of two women and one man. All three hold high University honours, one of the ladies being a B.Sc. of London, and the other having taken honours at Oxford.

An amusing illustration of how it is possible to make some money at home is afforded by the record of Miss Watson, daughter of the Vicar of Levesden. Desiring to earn some money for the parish charities, she started the manufacture of marmalade, beginning on so small a scale that a sovereign covered her outlay, and using fifty Seville oranges, twelve lemons, and a half-hundredweight of cane-sugar. In her first season she cleared a profit of £1 19s., and in the fourth year the clear profit had risen to £11 4s. 9d. Her recipe is simple. She allows a dozen oranges to three lemons, which she slices thinly and leaves overnight to soak in a quart of water to each pound, the pips being removed and put to soak separately in a pint of water, which in the morning is strained and added to the rest. The whole is then boiled about three hours, and again allowed to stand overnight. Then it is weighed, a pound and a half of the best cane-sugar is put to each pound of fruit and juice, and it is boiled till it "jells"—about an hour. Pots, of course, are then necessary, and vegetable parchment for coverings.

Every year there is in America a remarkable gathering called "Chautauqua." In a charming position on the shores of a beautiful lake there has grown up a village that can accommodate ten thousand inhabitants in the warm summer weather. Lightly built of wood chiefly, it would be unsuitable for occupation in weather at all cold; but it is in use for just two months of the twelve; the rest of the time it is given over to a few caretakers. It has, nevertheless, a complete water supply, drainage system, bathing arrangements, and the like. The attractions of this summer resort are almost exclusively intellectual. There are many lecture-halls and class-rooms which are occupied daily by students taking courses and instruction in all conceivable subjects, from the history of the fine arts to cookery and gymnastics. Many of these students are members of what are called "Chautauqua circles." These are reading parties, which are organised in all the chief towns of the States and conducted by correspondence and circulars by appointed "Chautauqua" teachers. When the members of these circles take their annual holiday they go to the charming lakeside village to meet their teachers and their fellow-students, and have a course of oral instruction. But besides this large numbers of individual students attend. Then there is a mammoth lecture theatre, in which every day there is to be heard either a good concert or a lecture, delivered by some person of national renown on a topic of general interest. Needless to say, there is also plenty of



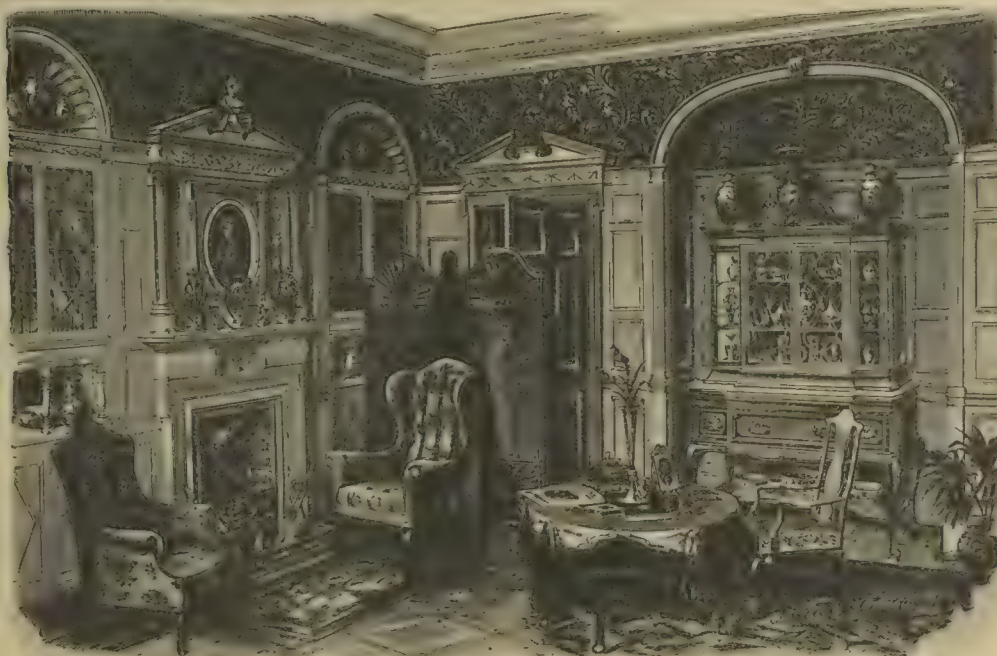
COSTUME OF BLACK CASHMERE.

provision for amusement. This scheme has been running for twenty-four years, during which time it is claimed that half a million people, the great majority of them with a taste for intellectual culture, but compelled to spend their lives in some business avocation, have been helped and encouraged and made happy in their efforts after mental development. We have nothing at all to compare with this undertaking; but this year the Society of Friends has held at Scarborough what it called a "summer school," the special object in view, however, being simply the study of the Bible in the light of modern thought, and nearly seven hundred students attended. This seems to show that an English "Chautauqua," if well organised, would be a success. F. F.-M.

HAMPTON and SONS,

Decorators, Furnishers, Sanitary & Electrical Engineers.

Interiors Decorated
and Furnished
throughout in any
of the traditional
styles, or in the
best modern
manner.



Original Schemes
designed by Artists
and executed by
Master-Craftsmen
at
Competitive
Estimate Prices.

QUEEN ANNE MORNING ROOM. Designed and Executed by HAMPTON and SONS.

Wall Panelling	pine, primed for painting, 2s. per foot super.
Mantel and Overmantel ..	do. do. 18 Guineas.
Overdoor	do. do. 25s.
Book-Cases	do. do. 50s. per foot run.
Cabinet in Solid Mahogany ..	19 Guineas.

Table in Solid Mahogany, 75s.
Four-Fold Screen, do., with Tapestry Panels, £9 15s.
Two Easy-Chairs in Tapestry, 70s. each.
Brass pierced Fender, 45s.
Set of Brass Fire-Irons, 12s. 6d.
Arm-Chair, 55s.

SEE HAMPTON & SONS' BOOK OF SPECIMEN INTERIORS, FURNITURE, FABRICS, ETC.

HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.

Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in the Kingdom on all Purchases exceeding 10 Guineas.

Neave's Food



"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and, being rich in Phosphates and Potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."

SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D.

In 1-lb. Patent Air-Tight Tins, @ 1s.

Mappin & Webb's FITTED SUIT CASES.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST OF 100 VARIETIES POST FREE.



MAPPIN and WEBB'S "Traveller's Case" fitted with Sterling Silver and Ivory Toilet Requisites.

Only London Addresses:

158 to 162, OXFORD ST., W., &
2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.

(Facing the Mansion House.)

MANUFACTORY & SHOW-ROOMS: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK ST., SHEFFIELD.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
N J COR.—We hope to publish your previous contribution, but the two-mover will receive our attention also.

T L L.—Thank you for problems, in which we look for the variety of your studies. We shall always be ready to accept problems like the one you mention, even though they begin with a capture.

P H WILLIAMS (Hampstead).—Very acceptable.

F P (Colchester).—We are pleased to find we have given you an inspiring problem at last.

G DOUGLAS ANOAR.—1. Kt to Kt 4th (dis. ch), K moves; 2. Kt to R 2nd is another solution of your problem.

W H (Exeter).—We make it a rule that any commendation must be made on a new diagram. Kindly send a new one.

R WORTERS (Canterbury).—We know no higher compliment to the skill of No. 2780 than your failure to solve it.

W P HIND.—We hope to publish your neat little three-mover shortly.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2778 received from C A M (Ponning) of No. 2779 from Rev Armand de Rosset Meures, Mount Vernon (U.S.A.), and W R James (Bangalore); of No. 2781 from Rev Armand de Rosset Meures; of No. 2783 from C R (South) (St. Austell); of No. 2784 from C E M (Ayr), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), T Wetherwall (Manchester), F Ginnville, and J F Moon.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2785 received from R Worters (Canterbury), Thomas Harrington (Barnet), C E M (Ayr), C E Jurgini, Edward J Sharpe, T G Ware, D R Welch, Dr. Walz (Heidelberg), H L. Boume, Alpha, P Hollings, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), T Roberts, H S Broadbent (Cortina), F A Carter (Maldon), Shadforth, Dr P St Camberwell, F Hooper (Putney), R H Brooks, E B Ford, Cheltenham, R P Vallentyne, Thomas Hatty (Colchester), J Desanges, J Bailey Newark, J Andrews (Knightsbridge), G Hawkins (Camberwell), Sorrento, and Frank Proctor (Colchester).

PROBLEM No. 2787.—By JEFF ALLEN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2784.—By E. B. MEIN.

WHITE.

1. Q to R 8th
2. Q to Q 5th (ch)
3. Q to R 8th, mate.

If Black play 1. K to B 2nd; 2. Kt to K 5th (ch); and if 1. P moves; then 2. Kt to K 5th (ch), etc.

BLACK.

- K to Q 4th
- K moves

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in New York between Messrs. SEARIGHT and LIPSCHITZ.

(Queen's Pawn Opening.)

- | | | | |
|----------------|----------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. S.) | BLACK (Mr. L.) | WHITE (Mr. S.) | BLACK (Mr. L.) |
| 1. P to Q 4th | P to Q 4th | 17. K R to K sq | B to R 5th (ch) |
| 2. P to Q 4th | P to K 3rd | 18. P to Kt 3rd | B to R 3rd |
| 3. Kt to Q 3rd | Kt to K 3rd | 19. Q R to Q sq | B takes R |
| 4. Kt to B 3rd | B to K 2nd | 20. K takes B | R takes R |
| 5. B to B 4th | Castles | 21. K takes R | Q to Q 2nd |
| 6. P to B 5th | | 22. P to K Kt 4th | R to K sq (ch) |
| | | 23. K to B 2nd | R to K 5th |
| | | 24. B to Q 5th | Kt to Q 2nd |

In another game White continued in the same way, but lost the game later. The advance, however, is nearly always laid in principle.

6. Q Kt to Q 2nd
 7. P to R 3rd
 8. P to R 3rd
 9. B to R 2nd
 10. Kt takes Kt
 11. Kt to Q 2nd
 12. B to Q 4th
 13. P takes P
 14. Kt to B 3rd
 15. K takes P
 16. Q to Kt 3rd

This is a timely assault upon the weak point of White's position.

12. B to Q 4th
 13. P takes P
 14. Kt to B 3rd
 15. K takes P
 16. Q to Kt 3rd

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

White conducts the game in a very clever and deserved success.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B
 21. K takes R
 22. P to K Kt 4th
 23. K to B 2nd
 24. B to Q 5th
 25. Q R to Q sq
 26. K to B 2nd
 27. Kt takes Kt
 28. R takes Kt
 29. B to K 4th
 30. K to B 2nd
 31. Q to Q 2nd
 32. R to K 4th

It is not clear that there is now anything but an even game, which is most likely to be a draw.

17. Kt to K 3rd
 18. Kt to Q 4th
 19. Q R to Q sq
 20. K takes B

A SIGNAL SUCCESS



PERFECT
COLOURS

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL

NEW CROSS, LONDON, S.E. U.S. Depot: 98 & 100, BEEKMAN ST. N.Y.

PARIS DEPOT: 24, RUE ALIBERT.

FREE FROM DEADLY WHITE LEAD.

Those about to Decorate should apply for Colour Card and Pamphlet to
ASPINALL'S ENAMEL, Ltd., NEW CROSS, S.E.

HEWETSONS, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON



HOUSE FURNISHERS AND CARPET FACTORS.
HEWETSONS HAVE THE LARGEST STOCK OF
ENGLISH CARVED OAK FURNITURE IN THE WORLD.

Illustrated Furnishing Catalogues Post Free. Goods Carriage Paid to any part of England.
HEWETSONS, Tottenham Court Road, LONDON.

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROICATION

1/1 1/2



IF I
WILL
HAVE
OR I
WILL
HAVE
NONE

Prepared only by
ELLIMAN Sons & Co.
Slough ENGLAND

For **STIFFNESS. ACHES. SPRAINS. BRUISES.**

INCOMPARABLE FOR ITS GREAT, CREAMY LUXURIOUS LATHER.

WILLIAMS'



SHAVING STICK

Williams' Shaving Sticks 1-
Williams' "Luxury" Shaving Tablets 1-
Williams' "American" Shaving Tablets 6d.

Sold by Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers all over the World, or mailed to any address on receipt of price in stamps, by The J. B. WILLIAMS Co., 64, Great Russell Street, London, W.C., or 161, Clarence Street, Sydney.
Factories—GLASTONBURY, CONN., U.S.A.

one eighth, upon trust, for her grandsons James Gerald Lamb Seagrigh and Trevor Prince Seagrigh, the two sons of her deceased son James. Subject to specific gifts of pictures, plate, jewels, works of art, etc., to her children, and legacies to her butler, coachman, and maid, she leaves all her property as to one eighth each to her seven children and one eighth between her two grandsons.

The will (dated Feb. 23, 1897) of Mrs. Harriet Eliza Wainwright, of Hoe Place, Woking, widow, who died on July 13, was proved on Aug. 25 by Miss Harriet Eliza Wainwright, the daughter and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £24,807. The testatrix gives £5000 to her son James Gadesden Wainwright; £2000 to her son William Wainwright; £3000 to her daughter Harriet Eliza Wainwright; £500 to her son George Ernest Wainwright; £100 each to her grandchildren; £100 each to Arthur, John, Hilda, Kate, and Irene Crookenden; and £20 each to her cousin, Gertrude Mackay, her godson, Edward Giles, and her servant, Emma Buckle. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her four children.

The will (dated April 13, 1897), with a codicil (dated July 22, 1897), of Mr. James Christie, of 16, Regent Street, who died on July 28, was proved on Aug. 27 by the Rev. Henry James Christie, James Henry Smith, and George Alexander Cooper, the executors, probate having been renounced by Joseph Ashby Storry, the value of the personal estate being £37,031. The testator bequeaths £5000 to Mrs. Matilda Maria Evans; £1000 and certain

family pictures and plate to Miss Catherine Anne Cooper; £5000 and his books, pictures, ornaments, jewels, etc., to the Rev. Henry James Christie; £7500 to Mrs. Mary Lydia Childers; £1000 to Miss Edith Trail Childers; £1000 to Miss Mary Christie Emmons; £300 to Miss Margaret Robertson, and legacies to executors. The residue of his property he leaves to the Rev. Henry James Christie.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1892), with three codicils (dated April 12, 1893, Aug. 13, 1895, and Jan. 11, 1897), of Mr. Edmond Mackenzie Young, of 21, Palace Gate, who

died on April 23 last, has been proved by Lieutenant Telford Mackenzie Young and Charles Mackenzie Young, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £28,671. The testator gives £3000, his household furniture, plate, pictures, etc., and £30,000, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Fanny Elizabeth Young; and £1000 to his sister, Elizabeth Mary Young. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares.

The will of Mr. William Ashburner Forbes, C.B., of 3, Meadow Hill Road, Tunbridge Wells, who died on May 21, was proved on Aug. 12 by Captain Stanhope Grove Grove, R.N., and Lionel Robert Ashburner, C.S.I., the executors, the value of the personal estate being £7946.

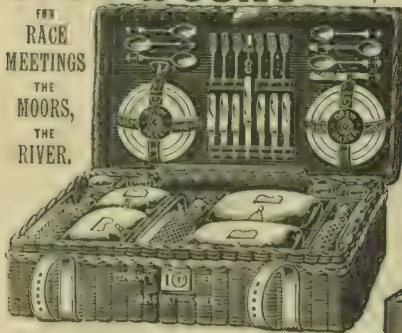
The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Perthshire, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Aug. 9, 1865), of the Right Hon. Anne Dowager Duchess of Athole, of Dunkeld, Perthshire, Mistress of the Robes from 1892 to 1895, and one of the Queen's intimate personal friends, who died on May 18 last, granted to Miss Amelia Georgiana Murray MacGregor, the executrix nominate, was resealed in London on Aug. 30, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £9316.

The will of the Rev. Robert James Wilson, D.D., Warden of Keble College, Oxford, who died on May 15 last, was proved on Aug. 14 by John Charles Wilson, the



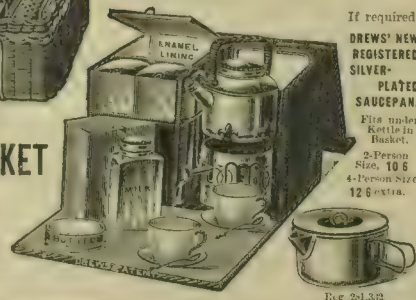
SILVER SHIELD GIVEN BY THE DEER OF CONSAUGHT FOR THE ABOVE-MENTIONED CHURCH. One hundred men from 1872 to 1892, including two officers and eight sergeants, completed. The Shield is the handiwork of Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

DREW & SONS Actual Makers, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.



INVENTORS AND SOLE MAKERS OF DREWS' PATENT "EN ROUTE" TEA-BASKET

AS SUPPLIED TO H.M. THE QUEEN.
2-Person (With Silver-Plated Kettle) £2 17s. 6d.
Note: 12 with all fittings Silver-Plated, £2 10s.
4-Person (With Silver-Plated Kettle) £3 14s.
Note: 12 with all fittings Silver-Plated, £3 10s.
Sole Importers of the "En Route" Tea-Basket in London and the Provinces.
In 1897, the "En Route" Tea-Basket was awarded a Gold Medal at the Exhibition of 1897.
Sole Importers of the "En Route" Tea-Basket in London and the Provinces.
Sole Importers of the "En Route" Tea-Basket in London and the Provinces.



If required, DREWS' NEW REGISTERED SILVER-PLATED SAUCEPAN. Fits under Kettle in Basket.
2-Person Size, 10s.
4-Person Size, 12s. 6d. extra.

Reg. 261,32

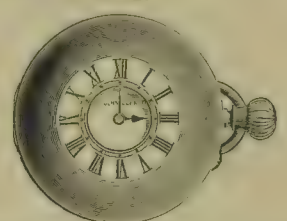
MAKERS OF IMPROVED LUNCHEON BASKETS

Provision Boxes Fitted with Drews' New Enamelled White Linings. All Fittings of Best Make and Practically Arranged. Made in Two Qualities, viz., Plain Block-Tin and Silver-Plated.

Moderate Prices for Best Work. In Stock for 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, and 12 Persons.

Prices from £2 upwards.

SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD., WATCH & CLOCK MANUFACTURERS.



£25.—A STANDARD GOLD KEY-LESS 2-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in sixteen set ones. In massive, solid case with Monogram of Sir John Bennett Ltd., Cheapside, London.

£20, £30, £40 Presentation Watches. Arms and Inscription embossed to order.

£25 Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells. In oak or mahogany. With Bracket and Shield, Three Guinea extra. Estimates for Turret Clocks.

Sir JOHN BENNETT (Ltd.), 65, Cheapside, London.

£10.—In return for £10 NOTE, free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.

SILVER WATCHES, from £2.

GOLD WATCHES, from £5.

Illustrated Catalogues post free.

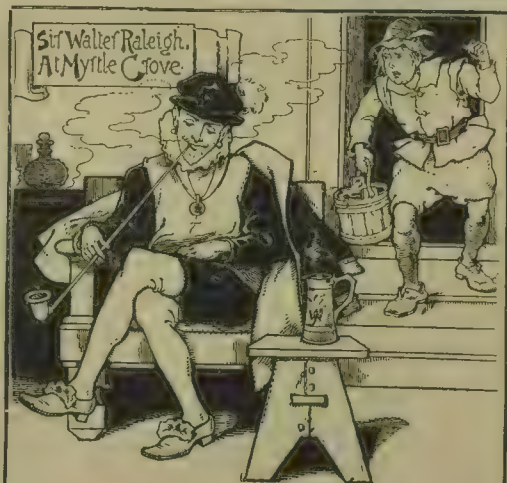
£5.—SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER WATCH. A fine 3-plate English Keyless Lever, jewelled, chronometer balance, crystal glass. The CHEAPEST WATCH EVER PRODUCED. Air, damp, and dust tight. GOLD CHAINS and JEWELLERY.

JEWELLERY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

"MYRTLE GROVE" TOBACCO.

For Pipe or Cigarette.

Sweet. Cool. Fragrant.



"At Myrtle Grove Sir Walter Raleigh was soothing his mind with the Tobacco he had brought from Virginia when his Irish Servant, thinking his Master was on fire, dashed water over him."

TADDY & CO., Minorities, London, E.

Rosbach

THE BEST TABLE WATER IN THE WORLD.
PURE. PLEASANT. REFRESHING.

Sold in Quarts, Pints and Splits.

ROSBACH SPRINGS, LIMITED, 19, Regent Street, S.W.

BENSON'S KEYLESS WATCHES

Guaranteed for Accuracy, Durability, and Strength.

In 18-ct. Gold Cases, **BENSON'S "Special Make" LADY'S KEYLESS THREE-QUARTER PLATE LEVER**



and Seconds Dial. In 18-ct. Gold Cases, either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, with Monogram. Price £10.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF WATCHES AND RINGS POST FREE.

Selections sent on Approval.

J. W. BENSON,
Steam Factory: Ltd.,
62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL;

And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C., and 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.

In Silver Cases, **BENSON'S "BANK" Best London Make KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER.**



Three-quarter Plate English Lever Movement, and Chronometer Balance. Crystal Glass. Price £3. Or in 18-ct. Gold Cases, 21s.

Spink & Son Diamond Merchants
ESTD 1772
VALUED PURCHASED & EXCHANGED
£5 £10,000

Jewels, Gold, &c., may be sent per Registered Post in absolute safety, and are returned at once, post free, if offer be not

Beecham's Photo-Folio."Marvellous value for the price."—*Publishers' Record.*

BEECHAM'S PHOTO-FOLIO

HAS FILLED A LONG-FELT WANT.

The majority of Britons have only been able to form a limited idea of the beauties of their own country, as until now reliable photographic view reproductions have not been brought within the reach of *the people*. "BEECHAM'S PHOTO-FOLIO" comprises upwards of TWO THOUSAND selected views of Great Britain and Ireland. The series has been published in book form, each book containing 24 choice views (5 inches by 3½ inches) in local combination, artistically printed on specially prepared English-made paper, to be sold for **ONE PENNY EACH VOLUME**. The placing of an order for the first issue of "BEECHAM'S PHOTO-FOLIO" of OVER FIVE MILLION BOOKS is the main reason that they are such MARVELLOUS VALUE FOR THE PRICE.

THE FOLLOWING BOOKS ARE NOW OUT—

ENGLAND AND WALES.			
Aberystwyth	Colwyn Bay	Lake District (Vol. 3)	Portsmouth and Southsea
Barnmouth and Dolgelly	Cornwall (Vol. 1)	London (Vols. 1 to 8)	Ramsgate
Bath	" (Vol. 2)	Lincoln	Redcar and Saltburn
Bettws-y-Coed	Derbyshire	Lytham and St. Annes-on-Sea	Rhyl
Birmingham	Vol. 1 (Buxton District)	Leamington and Warwick	Ripon, Bolton Abbey, and
Blackpool	Vol. 2 (Matlock District)	Liverpool	Fountains Abbey
Bournemouth	Eastbourne	Llandudno	Scarborough
Bridlington Quay	Exeter	Lynton and Lynmouth	Sheffield
Brighton (Vol. 1)	Falmouth and Truro	Manchester	Snowdon and Llanberis
" (Vol. 2)	Folkestone and Dover	Malvern and Worcester	Southampton, Salisbury, and
Bristol	Harrogate	Margate and Herne Bay	Winchester
Cambridge	Hastings and St. Leonards	Morecambe and Lancaster	Southport
Cheltenham and Gloucester	Ilfracombe	New Brighton	Southend-on-Sea
Chester	Isle of Wight (Vol. 1)	North Wales Coast—Conway to	Stratford-on-Avon
Clacton-on-Sea, Brightlingsea,	" (Vol. 2)	Carmarvon	Teignmouth, Dawlish, and
and Walton-on-the-Naze	" (Vol. 3)	Nottingham	Exmouth
Clovelly and Bideford	Lake District (Vol. 1)	Oxford	Tenby and St. Davids
	" (Vol. 2)	Plymouth	Thames Valley (Vol. 1)
			Thames Valley (Vol. 2)
			Torquay
			Whitby
			Weston-super-Mare
			Weymouth
			Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and
			Norwich
			York
			ISLE OF MAN.
			(Vol. 1) Douglas District
			(Vol. 2) Ramsey District
			(Vol. 3) Port Erin, Port St. Mary,
			&c.
			CHANNEL ISLANDS.
			(Vol. 1) Jersey
			(Vol. 2) Guernsey and Sark

The Proprietor of "BEECHAM'S PILLS" regrets that Booksellers and Newsagents have in many instances been slow in recognising that "BEECHAM'S PHOTO-FOLIO" was the View Series of the Year, and consequently have not stocked a variety of the books, so that many of the readers of his advertisement have been put to the trouble of ordering direct. If you cannot obtain all you require from your local Bookseller, the Proprietor of "BEECHAM'S PILLS" begs to notify that he will send the Complete Series (84 Books) direct to any Address in the United Kingdom, Postage Paid, on receipt of P.O. for 7s. 6d.; or any Selection for ONE PENNY per Volume, with cost of postage added.

BEECHAM'S MUSIC BOOKS

Beyond contradiction by far the Cheapest and Best Collection of Music yet Published.

Volume ELEVEN just Issued,

CONTAINING—

The Village Blacksmith (Weiss)—The Outlaw—God Save the Queen—Rose of Allandale—I Love My Love—The Hawthorn Spray—A Sweet Face—The Burgomaster—Down Among the Dead Men—Rosa—I've Seen Thee in my Dreaming—Dream, Darling, Dream—The Owls (Barn Dance)—Bird Voices—Just After the Battle—My Love (Schottische)—Lesbia has a Beaming Eye—Merry Elves (Barn Dance)—Hottentots' Grand March—O Breathe Not His Name—Grandma—Sailor's Consolation—I Love the Land that Gave Me Birth—Babyland—As a Beam O'er the Waters—Sunrise Schottische—Brave Old Oak—Eveleen's Bower—Flora Macdonald's Lament—March from Norma.

BEECHAM'S MUSIC BOOKS are lithographed from well-engraved plates on stout paper, and edited by an eminent Professor of Music, thus guaranteeing perfect accuracy. Each Volume contains Thirty Different Pieces of Music, either old gems or some of the most popular songs of the day, some of which, being published at 2s., have been included at considerable cost. The Songs have all the Original Symphonies and Pianoforte Accompaniments in full. During the year 1896 no less than ONE MILLION of these books were sold. It is worth mentioning that "The Washington Post March," which is now so much called for, was published in Volume VII. so far back as 1894.

Volume XI. and the preceding Ten Volumes can be obtained from most Newsagents and Booksellers at **TWOPENCE** per Volume; or will be sent Post Free for **THREEPENCE** per Volume, from

The Proprietor of "BEECHAM'S PILLS," ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.

Vol. XII. Ready Oct. 1.

SET OF ELEVEN VOLUMES, POST FREE, FOR 2s. 3d.

brother, and Robert Taunton Raikes, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £3800.

The will of Mrs. Jane Savill-Onley, widow, of 31, Eaton Square, who died on July 3, was proved on Aug. 10 by Colonel Clement William Joseph Unthank, Evelyn William Rashleigh, and Edward Lee Warner, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £7073 gross and £3865 net.

The will of Major-General David Greenhill Anderson, of Ringwood, Southampton, who died on July 12 at 229, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, has been proved by Mrs. Frances Mary Anderson, the widow and executrix, the value of the personal estate being £503.

The President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference has addressed a letter to Methodist ministers on pulpit power. He says that the question is not so much one of ability as of frank, vital, loving conversation. Last Sunday began the new ecclesiastical year in Methodism, seven hundred ministers having changed their circuits.

A train of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, on the direct line from Eastbourne to London, by way of Heathfield and Mayfield, in Sussex, on Wednesday, Sept. 1, went off the rails and was overturned. The engine-driver was killed, and a dozen or more passengers were seriously hurt.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The vagaries of the "silly season" are unending, but to the variety of topics which may be discussed in the newspapers, by correspondents unattached and irresponsible, there would appear to be no limit. I am not one of those who sneer at the dull season and its interminable discussions, whether these last relate to bathing costumes or to banks. A famous editor once remarked to me that he regarded the "Letters to the Editor" column of his paper as a public safety-valve: "Prevent some people from giving vent to their views," said he, "and you bring on them a cerebral catastrophe." He argued that when an indignant man was able to blow off steam by "writing to the papers," and by ventilating what he regarded as a nuisance or an injustice, the act lessened the brain-tension and saved the man from possible lunacy. There is much to be said for this view of things. The idea that you can write to the *Times*—I mean, either the *Times* or the local *Thunderer*—is a comforting one. When your hotel-keeper will insist upon charging for daylight in the bill, and when he runs up the "attendance" item to a more than respectable percentage on the "dem'd total," as Mr. Mantalini would say, you may cause his face to pale and your bill to shrink somewhat when you threaten him and his hotel with an undesirable publicity in the Press. Even poor scientists may

get castigated in the papers by anonymous correspondents who know, of course, a vast deal more about every department of inquiry than do the experts. This, at least, is amusing and doesn't hurt the scientists, and it is a much better and far more English way of fighting than by writing abusive (and usually anonymous) letters either to the scientists themselves or to their editors.

The correspondence which has struck out the most novel line of late days is that which concerns the advisability of our feeding on starchy foods, especially when we advance in years. This is a pet topic of our vegetarian kith and kin. Indeed, you have only to mention the word "foods," when there will be a hundred or more wise and learned persons to point out to you the only "perfect way in diet." That way, needless to say, is their particular pathway. You may be, and probably are, constitutionally as different from them as cheese is from chalk, but to be happy you must follow their dictates only. If they are contented on cabbages, you must also cultivate that virtue on cauliflowers. If peas give them peace, you must go and do likewise in the matter of your dietary. If you dare to suggest that a little flesh meat is both advisable and digestible, they will, with the characteristic politeness of their race, tell you to be logical and to go and boil yourself or your own species. I was told so the other day by a polite vegetarian person of the name of Salt; only it was fresh



Mappin & Webb's
"MANSION HOUSE" WATCHES (Regd.)
Guaranteed Genuine ENGLISH KEYLESS LEVER, 14,000 Movement, Breguet Springs, Jewelled in 15 Arrows, in Massive Dust and Damp Proof Cases.

CATALOGUES FREE.
SELECTIONS ON APPROVAL.

18-carat Gold, Open Face ...	Gentlemen's ...	Ladies' ...
"Hunter or Half-Hunter" ...	£18 0 0 ...	£13 0 0 ...
Silver, Open Face ...	20 0 0 ...	15 0 0 ...
"Hunter or Half-Hunter" ...	6 10 0 ...	5 10 0 ...
	2 7 0 ...	6 0 0 ...

2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.
And 158 to 162, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

MERRYWEATHER ON WATER-SUPPLY TO MANSIONS AND ESTATES.


WATER FOUND by the Divining Rod.
WELLS BORED.
HAMS ERECTED.
PUMPS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
Erected, Operated by Electricity, Oil, Gas, Steam, Wind, Turbine, &c.

ESTABLISHED 203 YEARS.
66 Gold Medals and Highest Awards.



WINDMILL PUMP, Rising Elevated Tank.
WATER-WHEEL PUMP, Supplying Mansion or Railway (patents as on L.C.D.R.)
HAND-WHEEL PUMP, For Water Supply.
GEARED MANUAL FORCE PUMP.
OIL-ENGINE PUMP, 14. per hour per H.P.

MERRYWEATHERS, 63, Long Acre, W.C., London; Manchester; & Greenwich.
Send "WATER-SUPPLY TO MANSIONS," post free. The "Times" calls it "A Practical Pamphlet."



FLORILINE
FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.
Is the **BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE** in the World.
PREVENTS the DECAY of the TEETH.
RENDERS THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE.
Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.
Is **PERFECTLY HARMLESS** and **DELICIOUS** TO THE TASTE.
Of all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

Foot's Cane Trunks.
are the ...
Lightest, Strongest,
and give the
Greatest Packing Capacity.



Prices from 50/-
Made of Compressed Cane covered with best English Sole Leather, Waterproof Mail Cloth, or Brown Canvas, in all the usual sizes.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.
Patentees and Manufacturers:
J. L. FOOT & SON, 95 New Bond St., London, W.

LANOLINE
Toilet Preparations
LANOLINE
Toilet Soap
6 PER TABLET, THREE IN A BOX 1/6

For the Health and Beauty of the SKIN.
Toilet "Lanoline"
FOR Delicate and Sensitive Skins.
6d. a box.
Wholesale Depot:—67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

THE **SWAN FOUNTAIN PEN**
— IS RELIABLE —
FLOWS REGULARLY, SMOOTHLY, EASILY.

MADE IN 3 SIZES
10/6 16/6 & 25/- Post Free each
COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION TO—
MABLE TODD, BARD, 95 CHEAPSIDE, E.C. 95, REGENT ST., LONDON, W. & 55 EXCHANGE ST., MANCHESTER.

COMBINE BEAUTY WITH COMFORT.

THE "HOLOPHANE" PATENT Light-Diffusing Globe
When Used with ELECTRIC, INCANDESCENT GAS, or OIL LAMPS.
Destroys all Glare, WHILE INCREASING ILLUMINATION.



THE "HOLOPHANE" PATENT Light-Diffusing Globe
IN THE NEW PATENT ROSE TINT GIVES A WARM AND VERY BECOMING LIGHT.

NEW ELECTRIC PATTERN, No. 30.
Beautiful Patterns. Prices from 2s. upwards. Catalogues Free.
If you cannot obtain them of your Dealer, send Post-Card for Price-List to
"HOLOPHANE," Ltd., 91, 93, 95, Queen Victoria St. London, E.C.

humanity, as I understand him, and not the salted commodity I was advised to select. This is the only unfortunate thing about the discussions on "foods"; but one must suffer fools gladly, and bear with the vegetable-feeders, who, by the way, cannot quite agree among themselves regarding the ideal vegetable diet, when all is said and done.

All this is by way of anticipating vegetarian "argument" once again, and of witnessing the elephantine gambolling of the humorists who think that the way of nutritive righteousness leads past the butcher's door, past the fish emporium, and probably also past the milk-shop and the buttermilk's, and past every other place where anything animal is dispensed. Apart from the fanatics, the correspondence about starch will do much good if it

succeeds in making people take a deeper interest in food-questions at large. The ignorance which besets the public with regard to foods is appalling; yet it should be an easy matter to acquire as much knowledge of the science of our daily rations as is contained, say, in an ordinary textbook of physiology. The analysis of bread gives us, for example, about fifty per cent. of starch and sugar. Sugars and starches may be taken practically to mean similar things, for starch has to be converted into sugar before it can be absorbed into the blood. Peas contain 53 per cent. of starches, cabbage about 5 per cent., potatoes 23 per cent., rice 83 per cent., oatmeal 63 per cent., and so on. In the body, the starches and sugars serve for the production of "energy" (or "the power of doing work") and heat, but in this respect they fall far behind fat, which is our most typical force-producer.

The starches are valuable foods, seeing that they serve in a way to save the consumed both of the fat and of the nitrogenous materials. That starch and sugar can be converted into fat is also a notable point. It may be said, in the case of the old person, that his starch and sugar are not to be neglected, for he assuredly demands a certain quantity of such foods. The great point in old age is rather the limitation of the amount of food, and the determination of the quantities the aged person requires. If, as has been alleged, there exists a tendency towards degeneration of the arteries from starch-feeding, that result is not so much a result of eating starch *per se*, as a consequence of an exclusive devotion to a vegetarian diet at large. The large amount of minerals which the vegetarian absorbs has been held by Gubler, Treille, Raymond, and others to favour arterial breakdown.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath. Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites. Invigorating in Hot Climates.

Restores the Colour to Carpets. Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Price 1s. per Bottle. Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

SCRUBB & CO., 32b SOUTHWARK STREET, LONDON, S.E.

Ladies are requested to write for Patterns of

THE CELEBRATED

"LOUIS" VELVETEEN

TO

THOS. WALLIS & CO., Ltd., Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

TO THE CONTINENT.
Via **QUEENBORO' & FLUSHING.**
ROYAL DUTCH MAIL.

Twice Daily in both directions. Day and Night Services. Large, Fast, and Magnificent Paddle Steamers. Actual SEA Passage by the New 21 Knots Night Steamers 2½ hours only.

GREAT ACCELERATION OF SERVICE FROM MAY 1, 1897.

BERLIN arrival by Night Service 7 p.m. (M.E.T.) instead of 8.25 p.m.; LONDON arrival by Day Service from Flushing 7.15 p.m. instead of 8.25 p.m. Direct and Accelerated Connections with LIVERPOOL (dep. 4.6 p.m.); MANCHESTER (dep. 4.10 p.m.); BIRMINGHAM (dep. 5.45 p.m.); via Harne Hill and Whitland. WITHOUT TOUCHING LONDON—Apply for Time Tables, &c., to the "ZEELAND" STEAMSHIP CO.'S LONDON OFFICE, 4th, Fore St., E.C., where Circular Tickets may be obtained at Three Days' Notice.

GOUT and Rheumatism.

The DEAN OF CARLISLE writes:

"Sir, I was almost beyond experience a martyr to gout for twenty-five years! I took LAVILLE'S medicines, which are simple and easy of application. I was cured completely, and after nine years' trial I can affirm that they are a perfect specific and an innocent and beneficial remedy. I have tried them on friends in like circumstances, and they never fail.—I remain, yours truly, FRANCIS CLOSE."

DR. LAVILLE'S LIQUOR

(PERFECTLY HARMLESS)

IS AN UNFAILING SPECIFIC FOR THE CURE OF GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

ONE BOTTLE SUFFICIENT FOR TWO TO THREE MONTHS' TREATMENT.

Price 9s. per Bottle of all Chemists and Stores, or post free from F. COMAR and SON, 64, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Descriptive Pamphlet, containing Testimonials, post free on Application.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND

KROPP RAZOR

English Manufacture. Always Ready for Use. WARRANTED PERFECT.

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.

Black Handle ... 5/6 Pair Ivory Handles, in Ivory Handle ... 7/6 Russia Leather Case 21/- Kropp's Duplex Strop 2/6 Kropp's Strop Paste ... 6d. Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT, & CO., LONDON, W. Pamphlet "Shaver's Kit and Outfit," post free.

GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN ARSENIC.

MACKENZIE'S ARSENICAL SOAP 6d. & 1s.

Produces a Lovely Complexion, and Cures Spots, Pimples, &c. The most Emollient and Soothing Toilet Soap in the World for Irritable Skins.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

And 166 & 170, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

Grand Diploma of Honour, Edinburgh, 1890; Two Prize Medals, Paris, 1889.

IRISH CAMBRIC

Samples and Illustrated Price-Lists Post Free.

Children's Bordered ... 1/3 Hemstitched, Ladies' ... 2/3 Ladies' ... 2/9 Gents' ... 3/3 Gents' ... 3/11

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

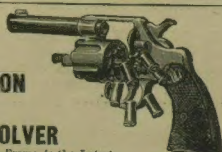
IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN. Fish-Napkins, 211 per doz.; Table-Cloths, 2 yards square, 2/11; 2½ yards by 3 yards, 5/6 each; Kitchen Table-Cloths, 11½ each; Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz.; Frilled Linen Pillow-Cases, from 1/4½ each.

By Special Appointment to the Queen and the Empress Frederick of Germany. N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent Direct to Belfast.

£ CONSOLS CIGARETTES
3d PER BOX OF 10
Imported from the UNITED STATES.
Ten Mouthpieces in each Box.

COLT'S NEW DOUBLE-ACTION 32 CAL. POCKET REVOLVER

With Ejector and Solid Frame, is the Latest and Best Pocket Revolver made. It surpasses all others. COLT'S TARGET REVOLVERS AND LIGHTNING RIFLES. Price List Free. COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG CO., 26, Glasshouse Street, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.



THE MOST NUTRITIOUS COCOA.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

C O C O A
FOR BREAKFAST AND SUPPER.



THE BEST UMBRELLAS
BEAR OUR NAME.

S. FOX & CO LIMITED

A BOON TO CYCLISTS.

BURNIP'S (Patent) CHAIN BRUSH. Cleans your Chain in Two Minutes. No need for a Gear Case. Of **KREUGER & CO.**, 10, Eastcheap, London, E.C. For 1s. each. Postage, 1d. for 1 to 3 brushes. Kindly mention Illustrated London News.

CHILDREN TEETHING.

TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Has been used over Fifty Years by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per Bottle.

Ask your Grocer FOR **HELM-COCOA.**



A SHAMPOO
WITH
CUTICURA SOAP

Warm shampoos with CUTICURA and gentle applications of CUTICURA, greatest of emollients and skin cures, will clear the scalp and hair of crusts, scales, and dandruff, allay itching, soothe irritation, stimulate the hair follicles, and produce a clean, healthy scalp and luxuriant hair, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, London. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U.S.A. "How to Produce Luxuriant Hair," post free.

BABY HUMOURS Itching and Scaly. Instantly Relieved by CUTICURA.

IXION TYRES

Declared by Mr. Justice Wills to be
NO INFRINGEMENT

See JUDGMENT DELIVERED on Aug. 4, 1897,
after Six Days' Trial of the Case.

The Pneumatic Tyre Co., Ltd., and the Dunlop
Pneumatic Tyre Co., Ltd., Plaintiffs, v. The Ixion
Patent Pneumatic Tyre Co., Defendants.

His Lordship found for the Defendants
on the Issue of Infringement and
in the Action.

All trade journals respecting the Ixion Tyre should be
addressed to The Secretary,
THE NEW IXION TYRE & CYCLE COMPANY, LTD.,
23, College Hill, London, E.C.

Retail Department—21A, OXFORD STREET, W.

ATKINSON'S NEWEST PERFUME AOLINE

"Most Refreshing." (Regd.)

NICE ALWAYS, BUT
DELICIOUSLY REVIVING IN
HOT OR CROWDED ROOMS.

A true natural perfume
made from flowers.

Not a Chemical Preparation.

"AOLINE" PERFUME, 2/-, 3/6, &c.

"AOLINE" TOILET SOAP

for the Complexion. 1/-

"AOLINE" TOILET POWDER imparts
a delightful bloom to the
complexion. 2/6

"AOLINE" SACHETS. Delightful for
Handkerchiefs, Gloves, &c.
Fancy Packets, 1/-

"AOLINE" TOILET CREAM. Softening
and beautifying for the
complexion. 2/-

J. & E. ATKINSON, Ltd., 24, Old Bond St., London,
INVENTORS OF THE CELEBRATED

"WHITE ROSE" PERFUME.

"A Charming Scent."—H. R. H. The Duchess of York.



Are sold in Boxes at 6d. and 1s. in every town
and village in the three Kingdoms.

POST FREE,

2/6 OR 5/-



MADE
OF EVERY
PERFUME.

DICK'S PATENT DRIVING BELTS

Guttapercha, Canvas, and Balata.

SPECIAL FEATURES:

Great Durability.
Enormous Driving
Strength.
Perfect Steadiness
and
Smoothness in Working.
Entire Absence of
Stretching or Slipping.

ALL BELTS BEAR
OUR TRADE MARK.

Price-Lists, Samples,
and Testimonials may
be obtained of the
Patentees & Makers.



As an article of practical
utility indispensable to manu-
facturers in every line of busi-
ness, Dick's Patent Belts
hold an absolutely unique
position, and the introduction
of the various improvements
which experience has from
time to time suggested fully
justifies their claim to be the
only perfect Driving Belt in
existence. No better proof of
the striking superiority
of Dick's Patent Belts can
be offered than the remark-
able increase in the sales
during the past three years
in every part of the world
where Driving Belts are
used, notably in such im-
portant fields as the chief
countries of Europe, the
South African Goldfields,
India, &c.

R. & J. DICK, GREENHEAD WORKS, GLASGOW,

Or from their Wholesale Depots in

LONDON, MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
58, Queen Victoria St., E.C. 1 10, Corporation St. 33, Albert St. 8, Neville St.

Or from their Specially Appointed Agents in

PARIS, VIENNA, BRUSSELS, MOSCOW, DUISBURG, BUCHAREST, HORGES (SWITZERLAND), GOTHENBURG,
CHRISTIANIA, COPENHAGEN, BILBAO, CALCUTTA, BOMBAY, YOKOHAMA, CONSTANTINOPLE, SYDNEY,
MELBOURNE, BRISBANE, ADELAIDE, DUNEDIN, AUCKLAND, MONTREAL, VALPARAISO, &c.

"NOT A LITTLE

of the phenomenal
success of the Pneum-
atic Tyre Company
has been due to the
marvellous amount of
care lavished on the
smallest detail by the
management. From
the inception of the
Company to the present time there has been exhibited a policy of attention alike
to great things and small, no trifle being too minute to receive its full share of con-
sideration. True, the uniform excellence of the goods supplied has had some-
thing to do with the Company's progress; but that and the consistent improve-
ment of the tyre are but evidences of the splendid management, which is really
the keystone of the altogether unique position the Company occupies to-day."

Scottish Cyclist.

DUNLOP TYRES

First in 1888,
Foremost ever since.

THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO., LTD.,

160 to 166, CLERKENWELL ROAD, E.C., LONDON;

WORKS: ALMA STREET, COVENTRY;

BRANCHES: Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Nottingham, Manchester,
Glasgow, Dublin, &c.

THE POLYPHON PLAYS OVER 1000 TUNES. POPULAR EVERYWHERE. THE GREATEST NOVELTY OF THE YEAR!



Boxes from
16s. 6d. to 50
Guineas,
playing in per-
fection all the
tunes from the
Opera, or
rendering
most bril-
liantly any
selection of
music which
a purchaser
may desire.

All Dealers; or
write for Bro-
chure. S.V.
Catalogue, Post
Free.

NICOLE FRÈRES, 21, Ely Place, London, E.C.
ESTD. 1815. Every description of Musical Box repaired.



Small Pill.
Small Dose.
Small Price.

Carter's Little Liver Pills

Is. 1 1/2d.
at Chemists.

Cure all Liver ills.

But be sure they
are CARTER'S.

Carter's Little Liver
Pills are widely counter-
feited. It is not enough
to ask for "Little Liver
Pills"; CARTER is the
important word, and
should be observed on
the outside wrapper,
otherwise the Pills within
cannot be genuine.

BE SURE THEY ARE
Carter's.



SOFT, VELVETY SKIN
CAN SOON BE OBTAINED BY ALL
WHO USE

TRADE MARK. REGISTERED

BEETHAM'S

GLYCERINE
AND
CUCUMBER

IS UNEQUALLED
FOR RENDERING
THE SKIN
DELICATELY SOFT,
SMOOTH, & WHITE
AT ALL SEASONS.

None Genuine unless it bears the above label (in green, gold, and chocolate).
Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. of all Chemists.
Free for 3d. extra from
M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, CHELTENHAM.

G. E. LEWIS'S "THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."
TRADE MARK REGISTERED.
AS AN EJECTOR.

HONOURS:
Paris, 1875;
Sydney, 1879;
Melbourne, 1884;
Calcutta, 1884.

Only
Fitted
Exploded
Cartridge

THE GUN OF THE PERIOD
TRIPLE GRIP
WITH PATENT
EJECTOR

1897 Illustrated Catalogue
of finished Guns, Rifles, and
Revolvers, giving lead,
hammerless, or with hammers, price 20 to 40 guineas, with English,
Damascus, or steel barrels, choke or cylinder bore, rifles, 5 guineas
extra, or Colonial model, i.e. one pair of rifle barrels Express, or long
range, with extra shot barrels fitting same stock, price 40 to 60 guineas.
Workmanship and shooting guaranteed.
Governess, new barrels and repairs of all kinds by a staff of
workmen second to none in the trade.

G. E. LEWIS,
33 & 35, Lower Lovejoy St., BIRMINGHAM.
(Established 1856.)

In Use all over the Globe.

THE BEST. THE SAFEST. THE OLDEST PATENT MEDICINE.

Free from
Mercury.

Of Vegetable
Drugs.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS

FOR
BILE,
LIVER,
HEADACHE,
HEARTBURN,
INDIGESTION,
ETC.

A RIDE TO KHIVA.

By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.G.

"Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is as well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvellous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab-Sheik, who was impervious to all native medicines when I administered to him five

COCKLE'S PILLS.

will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my fame as a 'medicine man' had not died out."

Everyone may now
take good Photographs.

The **EASTMAN**
CARTRIDGE SYSTEM

KODAKS

Require no Dark Room for
Changing Films.

PRICES £1 1s. to £5 5s.

Rolls of film for 12 exposures can be put in and taken out in daylight, whilst you sit comfortably in a chair.

You see in the finder the picture—portrait, figure, or landscape—that you are taking, and touch a button—"We do the rest," or you can do it yourself if you wish.

Pocket Kodaks, No. 4 Cartridge Kodaks,
Bullet Kodaks, Bull's-Eye Kodaks.

Illustrated Price Lists Free.

EASTMAN Photographic
Materials Co. Ltd.,
115-117 OXFORD ST., LONDON.

£500 PRIZES.

EASTMAN KODAK EXHIBITION,
New Gallery, Regent St., London, W.
Last date for receiving Competition
Figures, 9th October.

RITTER SKATES

(PATENTED).

FOR ROAD USE

We will send, free of
charge if this paper
is mentioned, our new
booklet on "ROAD
SKATING," which
gives every informa-
tion on the subject.

THE
ROAD SKATE
COMPANY.
271, OXFORD ST.,
LONDON, W.



£150 WORTH OF PRIZES!

PICTURES FROM £2 TO £20 CASH VALUE.

Original Pictures that have been reproduced in "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" will be distributed by the Council of THE MAGAZINE ART UNION, by ballot, on Sept. 20, 1897.

PRESIDENT—THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

THE MAGAZINE ART UNION has been established with a view to distribute from the vast store of original works of art which are reproduced in the pages of the Magazines, those which lend themselves to the decoration of the household. The Council of THE MAGAZINE ART UNION directs its efforts to bring those works of art which have served the purpose of reproduction in the pages of Magazines within the possession of those who have now to be satisfied with inferior prints. It offers FIFTY pictures each month for distribution by Ballot among its members. Any person who wishes to constitute himself a member of THE MAGAZINE ART UNION, and who desires to participate in any of the monthly distributions of prizes, must follow the directions printed below.

Secretary—Mr. L. A. GREENWOOD.

Offices (pro tem.)—5, CLEMENT'S INN, LONDON, W.C.

LIST OF PRIZES FOR THE TWENTIETH DISTRIBUTION.

No.	TITLE.	Artist's Name.	Description.	Size.
1	Peers Spiritual	T. Walter Wilson, R.L.	Monochrome	24 by 14½
2	Lambeth Palace: from the River	A. Quinlan	Pencil	10 by 6
3	Lambeth Palace: the Gateway	A. Quinlan	"	10 by 6
4	"Ring Out the Old, Ring In the New"	F. Davidson	Monochrome	10½ by 14½
5	Guard-room, Lambeth Palace	A. Quinlan	Pencil	7½ by 9½
6	Lollards' Tower, Lambeth Palace	A. Quinlan	"	5½ by 6½
7	St. Mary Magdalene, Canterbury	A. Quinlan	"	5½ by 6½
8	Christ Church Gate, Canterbury	A. Quinlan	"	7 by 6½
9	The Deanery, Canterbury	A. Quinlan	"	7½ by 9½
10	West Gate, Canterbury	A. Quinlan	"	7½ by 9½
11	St. John's Hospital Gate, Canterbury	A. Quinlan	"	6½ by 6½
12	Westgate Tavern, Canterbury	A. Quinlan	"	6½ by 6½
13	Cattle Market, Waltham Abbey	A. Quinlan	"	7½ by 9½
14	Hills of Cambridge	Will B. Robinson	Pen and Ink	12 by 15½
15	University Boat Houses, Cambridge	A. Quinlan	Monochrome	11½ by 14½
16	Sunday Morning	Charles Vignor	"	10 by 12
17	The First Lesson	Gunning King	"	10 by 12
18	Orphans	W. Rainey	"	12½ by 16½
19	The Healing Hand of Time	W. Rainey	"	13 by 21
20	"Some Enemy Hath Done This!"	F. R. King	"	12 by 16
21	A Knotty Point	W. H. C. Groomer	"	10 by 13½
22	H.M.S. Northampton	Fred T. Jane	"	11½ by 8½
23	Entrance Gate, Bharus	A. Forester	"	19 by 13
24	Borrowed Plumes	Alf J. Johnson	"	9½ by 12½
25	Shopping	Alf J. Johnson	"	8½ by 13
26	Cardigan Hemp Winding	H. R. Robertson	"	12 by 8
27	"Will He No Come Back Again!"	Davidson Knowles	"	10 by 13½
28	The Clerk of the Weather	Davidson Knowles	"	12½ by 17½
29	The Twelfth	W. Foster	"	12½ by 9
30	Dismantled	A. Quinlan	"	10 by 12
31	H.M.S. Active and H.M.S. Volage	Fred T. Jane	"	18 by 16
32	An Attentive Audience	A. M. Ross	"	10½ by 14½
33	Lady Hounslow	Davidson Knowles	"	10½ by 14½
34	The Woman in White	Fred Pegrar	"	8½ by 12½
35	Yenice	A. Forester	"	6 by 8
36	Henley Regatta	Tom Taylor	"	22½ by 16
37	Beginners	Alf J. Johnson	"	9 by 13
38	Swinging	Alf J. Johnson	"	8 by 11
39	Chafco, China	W. Simpson	"	11½ by 6½
40	Tienbin	Alf J. Johnson	"	10½ by 13½
41	The Lesson	H. R. Robertson	"	9½ by 12½
42	La Boulangère	A. Forester	"	11 by 8½
43	Bad News	Charles de Lacy	"	12½ by 21½
44	London Pool	Davidson Knowles	"	10 by 14
45	Straw Plaiting	J. Schünberg	"	11½ by 8½
46	Famine Stricken	J. Bernard Partridge	Pen and Ink	11 by 9
47	Home Again!	A. Forester	Monochrome	7 by 9½
48	Foreign Devils	T. Sadler	"	11½ by 8½
49	A Fair Passage	T. Sadler	"	11½ by 8½
50	The Queen's Doctors	T. Walter Wilson, R.L.	"	22 by 13½

TWENTIETH BALLOT.

COUPON.

CUT OUT ON THIS LINE.

I desire to participate in the next Distribution of Prizes of THE MAGAZINE ART UNION. I undertake to abide strictly by the published rules and directions. I agree that the copyright in any prize won by me shall belong to the donor thereof, and I request that such prize be forwarded at my risk and cost in such manner as the Council may determine.

Dated.....1897.

Name.....
Address.....
(20)

CUT OUT ON THIS LINE.

A Penny Stamp, uncanceled, must be sent with the above Coupon.

NOTICE.

This Coupon must be posted so as to reach the Offices of THE MAGAZINE ART UNION not later than the first post on Monday morning, Sept. 20, 1897.